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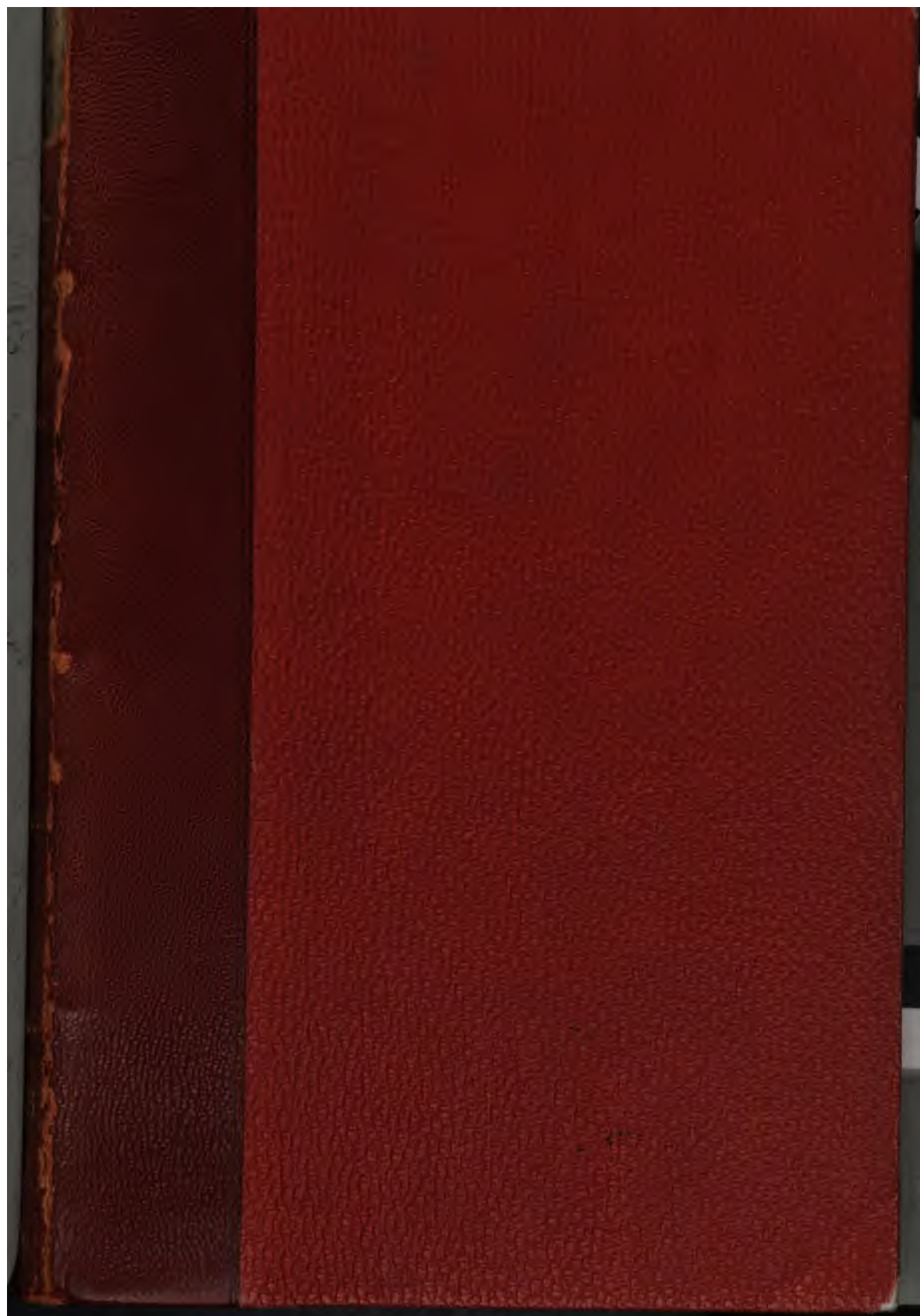
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Hymns to the Virgin and Christ,

The Parliament of Devils,

and other

Religious Poems.

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# Hymns to the Virgin & Christ,

## The Parliament of Devils,

and other

## Religious Poems,

CHIEFLY FROM

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S LAMBETH MS. No. 853.

EDITED BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,

M.A., TRIN. HALL, CAMB.; MEMBER OF COUNCIL OF THE PHILOLOGICAL  
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## PREFACE.

AFTER telling Mrs. Gaskell one day a story for the truth of which I could not vouch, she said, with her beautiful bright smile, "Now I'm going to believe that, whether it's true or not. It ought to be true." On looking through the Lambeth MS. 853, which Mr. Stubbs kindly handed to me in Lambeth Palace Library, I could not help saying, "I'll print it all, whether it contains early versions or late; it *is* a jolly little Manuscript"—a chubby vellum quarto, written in a large, clear, upright hand, which looked at first sight fourteenth century, but which the Museum authorities whom I afterwards consulted put at about 1430 A.D. As nice a little volume as one would wish to handle; a pleasing contrast to the shabby, scrubby, paper Percy folio of two hundred years later that I am now working at. Accordingly, the whole MS. is in type for the Society, and I hope members have no cause to regret it, for though earlier versions of some of the poems are no doubt in existence,—I have printed one at least sixty years older at pp. 106, 108, 110, 112, to show how the late text has changed<sup>1</sup>—yet the Lambeth MS. has given us the better text of *The Complaint of Christ*, in "Political, Religious, and Love Poems," (E.E.T.S., 1866,) a better text of "The Parliament of Devils" than that printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and the best texts yet printed of the far-famed *Stans Puer ad Mensam*, "How the Good Wife taught her Daughter," and "How the Wise Man taught his Son," &c. : these, besides other poems of considerable beauty and interest in the present volume, and the other Texts I

<sup>1</sup> Two words at least of the earlier text—*sauzlen* and *unsauzte*, "to reconcile" and "unreconciled, at enmity," p. 108, ll. 37-38, were unknown to the late scribe, and were changed by him to *soften* and *unsoft*.

have lately edited, or am now editing, for the Society. The early Englishman, like the modern one, was a religious and superstitious person, and as any one in 2360 A.D. should know of us, that in many educated (or deducated<sup>1</sup>) persons' minds now, baptism by an episcopally-ordained clergyman is necessary to salvation, that a man's being drowned while boating on Sunday is a just judgment of God, whereas a similar death on Monday is a sad accident, with a hundred other like notions<sup>2</sup>; so we should know of our forefathers, if we would estimate them aright, what their religious belief and superstitious fancies were. Mary-worship, Parliament of Devils, Stations of Rome, St. Gregory's Trental, and what not: let us have them all: all the nonsense, as well as the expressions of the pure, simple faith, that through life and death our men of old held to. And a survey of our early religious poetry will, I believe,—and so far as I may speak from some work at it,—result in a verdict favourable to the plain good

<sup>1</sup> We sadly want some word like this *deducate*, *deducation*, &c., to denote the wilful down-leading into prejudice and unreason, in Politics at least, so prevalent in England and everywhere else, to support unjust social arrangements and abuses because they exist, or are in the interest of a powerful class, &c. Let any one think of the amount of deducation attempted about the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the old and modern Reform Bills, the late American War, &c., and then see how hard the deducators still are at their work!

<sup>2</sup> "Dr. Pusey has written another letter to the *Times*, stating his opinion of absolution. He believes that Christ, conferring upon the Apostles the power to remit sins, intended to confer it also upon their 'successors.' He therefore holds that every successor has the power to remit the sins of penitent persons as fully as Christ Himself could have done; and so he affirms, on the authority of the Ordination Service, the Church of England also holds. *In other words*, Christ intended to leave the salvation of souls dependent on the will of such human beings as can be proved to have been ordained by the ordained up through the ages to Himself. One single unordained Bishop, say in the middle ages or the third century, would spoil the whole arrangement. Why does not Dr. Pusey claim the power of working miracles given to the Apostles at the same time? The invisibility of the power is no greater obstacle in the one case than the other. If the sick did not get visibly better for the priest's touch, neither do the bad get visibly better for his absolution. After all, does the human race advance? A Roman gentleman would have smiled at a superstition so gross as that which Dr. Pusey dignifies with the name of Christianity." 1866, Dec. 1, *The Spectator*, p. 1326, col. 1-2. Dr. Pusey and his school may not admit the correctness of the statement above, "In other words." I only wish to register here the opinion of one of our best edited weeklies on this point, and to note that however comical the view stated, and a thousand like ones, may seem to our man of 2360 A.D., they were equally so to many in 1866 A.D.



sense and practical going straight at the main point which Englishmen pride themselves on, whatever amount of philistinism and humbug is mixed up with these qualities. The burden of the early songs (as I read them) is a prayer for forgiveness of sins, a desire to get out of the filth of the flesh, and rise, as well here as hereafter, into the purer and higher life which, to the believer, union with his Saviour implied and implies.

Many of the poems in this volume seem to me very touching and beautiful, and I hope other readers will find them so too. The most interesting to me is the one I have entitled, from l. 638 in it, p. 78, "The Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life, or Bids of the Virtues and Vices for the Soul of Man," pp. 58—78. It sketches the temptations of the well-off man of the period—the MS. is ab. 1430 A.D.—from the time when he was new-born from his mother till, at a hundred years old, Overhope and Wanhope (despair) would ruin him, but Good Hope and Good Faith bring him to trust in God's mercy. At twenty—which may be a misprint for fifteen, xx for xv,—this is the choice presented to the young man.

Quod resoun, "in age of .xx. 3eer,  
 Goo to oxenford, or lerne lawe."  
 Quod lust, "harpe & giterne pere may y leere,  
 And pickid staffe & buckelere, pere-wip to plawe,  
 At tauerne to make wommen myrie cheere,  
 And wilde felawis to-gidere drawe,  
 And be to bemond<sup>1</sup> A good squyer  
 Al nyzt til pe day do dawe."

<sup>1</sup> For an explanation of this *bemond*, I have asked in vain Mr. Chappell, Mr. Way, Mr. Morris, Mr. Skeat, Mr. Wright, &c., &c. The only interpretation I can suggest is drawn from a passage in *Le Venery de Twety*, Cotton MS. Vesp. B. xii., printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. I., pp. 149—154. At pp. 152-3 we read, of the hounds hunting the hare, "And if eny fynde of hym, where he hath ben, Rycher or *Bemond*, ye shall say, *oyez a Bemond le vayllaunt, que quide trover le coward, ou le court cow.*" The name *Bemond* might easily pass from the leading hound to the leader of a revel, or be used, by personification, for a fancied god of indulgence in women and wine, a sort of Bacchus. I think it certain that this *bemond* has nothing to do with the *benol* (flat, b), and *bequarre* (natural, the square b, ♮) of the curious song on learning music in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. I., p. 292, or the *bemy* of the *Burlesque*, p. 83, *ib.* last line. In our early music books B is *si*, though in the earliest I have seen, no name is given to it.

Conscience's remonstrance that this will waste his friends' money and his own time and learning, is answered by

"Good conscience, goo preche to þe post,  
þi counceil saueriþ not my tast . . .  
Al my lust y wole ful-fille,  
I wole spare no womman."

After the advice of Pride, Gluttony, Lechery, Wrath, Envy, Sloth, Covetousness, and Avarice, to the young man, how to indulge his passions and lusts, comes Pride again with this bit of counsel as to dress:

"Apparaile þe propirli," quod Pride,  
"Loke þi pockettis passe þe lengist gise;  
Slatre þi clothis boþe schorte & side [= wide]  
Passinge alle opere mennis sise."

And so the poem continues with allusions, more or less, to the manners of the times. The *pockettis* of the verses last quoted serve to fix the date of the composition of the poem, if they are (as I suppose them to be) what Camden in his *Remaines*, p. 196, calls "*pocketting* sleeves."<sup>1</sup> He says,

"Of the long pocketting sleeves in the time of King Henry the Fourth, Hocclive, a master of that age, sings,

*Now hath this land little need of broomes  
To sweep away the filth out of the streete,  
Sen side sleeves of pennilesse groomes  
Will it up licke, be it dry or weete."*

The woodcut of the Duke of Gloucester [?] on p. 153 of Mr. Fairholt's *Costume in England*, copied from the Royal MS. 15 E 4 (fol. 14), in the British Museum, shows the long pocket sleeve admirably, and 'his crimson jacket furred with deep red is exceedingly short,' but gathered in close folds behind. At p. 159 of Fairholt is another woodcut of an attendant with the pocket sleeve, from the same Royal MS. 14 E 4. On fol. 133 of the same Royal MS. are three figures with the long pocket sleeves, and one of them has his

<sup>1</sup> Pockets begin to appear in women's dresses in Edward the Third's time, says Fairholt, and are shown in that king's daughter's dress on the south side of his tomb in Westminster Abbey, as copied in Fairholt, p. 100.

sleeves tied behind his back, just below the bottom of his jacket. The very wide and short doublet seems not to have appeared till about 1460, and not to have been slashed. The tighter plaited jacket of Edward the Fourth's reign, also contemporary with pocket sleeves, had "large sleeves, open at the sides to display the shirt beneath," as shown in the cut on pages 154 and 159 of Fairholt. This is the only *slatring* (supposing it means *slashing*) shown in the figures, unless the opening for the arm in the long pocket sleeve be meant by the words of the poem. But the slashing of garments was at least as early as Chaucer's 'so mochil pounsing of chiseles to make holes, so moche daggyng of sheris' (*Persones Tale*, ed. Wright, p. 143, col. 2).

The *rere* or late suppers noticed in l. 374 of this Mirror poem are complained of by Roberd of Brunne in 1303. *Handlyng Synne*, p. 226, ll. 7260-3. (See also the servants' 'rere sopers' denounced, ll. 7268-79.)

Rere sopers yn pryuyte,  
Wyþ glotonye echone þey be ;  
And þyr is moche waste ynnē,  
And gadryng of ouþer synne.

Doubtless Roberd was not the first preacher who inveighed against them. He also complains of the rich man lying long in bed on Sundays.

When he heryþ a bel ryng  
To holy cherche men kallyng,  
þan may he not hys bedde lete,  
But þan behoueþ hym lygge and swete,  
And take þe mery mornynge slepe.

*Handlyng Synne*, p. 135, ll. 4258-62.

For the last three Poems in this volume I am indebted to Mr. W. Aldis Wright, who copied them from MSS. under his charge in the Library of the Trinity College, Cambridge. The first, *Quindecim Signa ante diem Iudicii*, he desired to print on account of its variations from the other earlier versions of the Poem in the E.E. Poems I edited for the Philological Society (Transactions 1858, Pt. II., pp. 7-12), in Hampole's *Pricke of Conscience*, the *Metrical Homilies* edited by Mr. Small (in E.E. Poems as above, pp. 162-3), &c. The

second forms a companion to the Virgin's Complaint in our *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, 1866, and the third is given for its historic interest, and its contrast to the temper in which the later chronicler wrote of Archbishop Scrope's death.

Some of the poems bear traces of having been Southernized from a Northern original, as in using *boon* for *bane*, p. 25, l. 108, *lastande na mare*, l. 115, *sizhande*, p. 30, l. 261, and Mr. Perry has just sent me a version from the Northern Thornton MS. of the Sweetness of Jesus, pp. 8-11, here, pp. 83-6 of the Text edited by Mr. Perry from the Thornton MS. that will appear with this one. I have only in conclusion to return thanks to the Archbishop of Canterbury for the loan of his pretty little Manuscript, and to Mr. Aldis Wright for his help, always so willingly given, notwithstanding the pressure of crowds of other work that would overwhelm an ordinary man.

3, St. George's Square, N. W.  
12th November, 1866.

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# NOTES.

Pref. p. vi, l. 6. A just judgment of God. Compare Cotgrave's "*Vne Jambe de dieu*. Soe doe the canting and blasphemous rogues of France tearme a cankered, gangrened, or desperately-sore leg." A.D. 1611.

p. 35. *I wiyte myself myn owne woo*. Sir F. Madden, in his Introduction to *Syr Gawayne*, p. lxxv, notes another copy of this, "a Poem in ten eight-line stanzas, the burden of which is 'I wite my self myne owne wo,' on fol. 71 of MS. Rawlinson, C. 86, Bodleian Library. It begins 'In my youthe fulle wyld I was.'" Another is printed from MS. Cotton. Calig. A II fol. 106, v\* in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, v. 1, p. 197-200. It is in 15 stanzas of 8, with two introductory lines:

I may say, and so may mo,  
I wyte mysylfe myne owene woo.

p. 41. "The Parlyament of Deuylls" was also "Enprynted In London In Powels chyreheyrde By Julyan Notary. A. M. M.CCCCC. & xx"; and Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1509 was "reprinted by Nicol for R. Heber, Esq., as his contribution to the Roxburghe Club, but for private reasons, never issued to its members." *Bohn's Lowndes*. Colophon. "Thus endeth the parlyament of deuylles. Enprynted by Wynkyn de word / prynter unto the moost excellent pryncesse my lady the kynges moder. The yere of our lorde .M.CCCCC. & ix."

p. 58. *Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life*. "The auncient sages by curious notes haue found out, that certaine yeeres in mans life be very perilous. These they name climacterical or stayrie yeares, for then they saw great alterations. Now a climactericall yeare is euery seauenth yeare . . . Hence is it that in the seauenth yeere children doe cast and renew their teeth. In the fourteenth yeere proceedeth the stripping age. In the one and twentieth, youth. And when a man hath past seauen times seauen years, to weet, nine and fortie yeares, he is a ripe and perfect man. Also, when he attaineth to ten times seauen yeeres, that is, to the age of threescore and ten, his strength and chiefest vertue beginnes to fall away." W. Vaughan, *Natural and Artificial Directions for Health*, 1602, pp. 47-8.

In Admiral Swinburne's incomplete copy of *The noble lyfe & natures of man Of bestes / serpentys / fowles & fisshes y<sup>t</sup> be moste knownen*, by Laurens Andrewe of y<sup>e</sup> towne of Calis, is a large cut running across both pages (a iii b, a iv), of the Ten Ages of Man, in ten double compartments, boy and man in the ten stages at top, and the ten beasts he is likened to, underneath. Below are verses applying to each age.

"Here after foloweth the ten ages of mankynde lykened be ten dyuers bestis as here is expresly shewed / and how the nature of mankynde dothe change from ten . . . . . tyme of a . . . . . co . . .

[Cut of] The .X. Ages.

[Fro]M one vnto .x. a childe is he  
[Whyp]pinge his toppes with sporte & playe  
[Lep]lyng as y<sup>e</sup> gote right merily.  
. . . . . s his care bothe nyght & day  
[At .xx. yere he is iocond and plesand  
. . . . . t pryde  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

- ¶ At .xxx. yere he is named a man  
And syb to the bull of nature stronge  
Reuenginge his right where euer he can  
with whome it be bothe short & longe
- ¶ Nowe forty yere he is ywys  
Condicoynd as a lyon in euery degre  
Which maketh hym often withouten mys  
To lese his wysdom belene ye me
- ¶ At fifty yere then can he glose  
Wily as the forein worde and dede  
That euer wyll wyne & neuer lose  
& eke of his seruyse he wyl haue mede
- ¶ At threscore yere he dothe descende  
But couetyse in him is roeted than  
Euyn as the wolfe he doth amenden  
y<sup>t</sup> woroeth the shepe wher euer he can  
At .lxx. he is syb to the hownde  
y<sup>t</sup> gnaweth y<sup>e</sup> bone so doth he his hart  
All sportes he casteth to the grownde  
Lest therfore his sowle sholde smart
- ¶ At fourscore yere withouten fayle  
He is disdayned with man and wyfe  
Syb to the Cat that lycketh her tayle  
Euer be the fyre that is his lyfe
- ¶ At fourscore & x he is s . . .  
Scorned of man and child h[e is]  
From hym is wisdom & st[rength] gone]  
Echone wyll his deth in b . . .
- ¶ At .C. yere dethe commes . . . . .  
& maketh him as a gose y<sup>t</sup> i[s] . . .  
So plucke y<sup>e</sup> frendes . . . . .  
But he in erthe is s . . . . .

The inquirer as to climacterical years is referred to "A Succinct Philosophical Declaration of the nature of clymaterical yeares occasioned by the death of Queene Elizabeth" in MS. Sloane 2117, fol. 231.

p. 83. *This worlde is but a vanite*. A later copy of this Poem, with the burden "This world is but a wannyté", was printed by Mr. Halliwell for the Warton Club in 1855, in *Early English Miscellanies*, p. 9-12. It has ten stanzas of eight lines each, and winds up with an extra "In Domino confydo. Amen, dico vobis."

p. 88. *Erpe vppon erpe*. In Mr. Halliwell's *Early English Miscellanies* from the Porkington MS., Warton Club, 1855, is a later and somewhat different version of this poem in twelve stanzas of six, and two introductory stanzas of seven lines. Mr. Halliwell calls the Porkington one "the most complete copy known to exist." It seems a late recast of the old version. Mr. Halliwell also notes, p. 94, "Other versions, varying considerably from each other, are preserved in MS. Seld. sup. 53; MS. Rawl. C. 307; MS. Rawl. Poet. 32; MS. Lambeth 853 (in this text); and in the Thornton MS. in Lincoln Cathedral (fol. 279). Portions of it are occasionally found inscribed on the walls of churches."

p. 128. Archbishop Scrope's Death. See the Latin Poem on this in Mr. Thomas Wright's *Political Songs*, v. 2, p. 114-18.

## Hymns to the Virgin, Christ, &c.

### Veni, Coronaberis.

(A SONG OF GREAT SWEETNESS FROM CHRIST TO HIS  
DAINTIEST DAM.)

(*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 1.*)

- S**Urge mea sponsa, swete in sizt,  
And se þi sone þou ʒafe souke so scheene ;  
þou schalt abide with þi babe so brizt,  
4 And in my glorie be callide a queene.  
Thi mamillis, moder, ful weel y meene,  
Y had to my meete pat y myʒt not mys ;  
Aboue alle creaturis, my moder cleue,  
8 Veni, coronaberis.
- C**ome, clenner þan cristal, to my cage ;  
Columba mea, y þee calle,  
And se þi sone pat in seruage  
12 For mænnis soule was made a pralle.  
In þi palijs so principal  
I pleyde pruyli wiþoute mys ;  
Myn hiʒ cage, moder, haue þou schal ;  
16 Veni, coronaberis.
- Arise, My beloved,  
who gavest Me  
suck  
  
from thy breasts.  
  
Above all crea-  
tures thou shalt  
be crowned.  
  
Come, My dove,  
  
and see thy son  
who was made a  
slave for man.  
  
Thou shalt have  
His high place,  
and be crowned.



Daughter of Sion,  
spotless flower,

thou shalt sit  
crowned by Me,

[Page 2.]  
and all My saints  
shall honour thee.

**F**or macula, moder, was neuere in þee;  
Filia syon, þou art þe flour;  
Ful sweteli schalt þou sitte bi me,  
20 And bere a crowne *with* me in tour,  
¶ And alle my seintis to þin honour  
Schal honoure þee, moder, in my blis,  
þat blessid bodi þat bare me in bowur,  
24 Veni, coronaberis.

Princess of  
Paradise, Mother  
fair,

the well of mercy  
in thee shall bring  
thy blessed body  
to bliss.  
Come and be  
crowned.

**T**ota pulcra þou art to my plesynge,  
My moder, princes of paradijs,  
Of þe a watir ful weel gan sprynge  
28 þat schal azen alle my ryzis rise;  
¶ þe welle of mercy in þee, moder, lijs  
To bringe þi blessid bodi to blis;  
And my seintis schulen do þee seruice,  
32 Veni, coronaberis.

Come, My chosen  
one, Maiden  
Queen,

dwel here with  
Me in bliss,

and be crowned.

**V**eni, electa mea, meekeli chosen,  
Holi moder & maiden queene,  
On sege to sitte semeli bi him an hiȝ,  
36 þi sone and eek þi childe.  
¶ Here, moder, wiþ me to dwelle,  
Witþ þi swete babe þat sittip in blis,  
þere in ioie & blis þat schal neuere mys,  
40 Veni, coronaberis.

[Page 3.]  
Sweet Mother,  
remember the  
dew that dropped  
from our lips  
when we kissed.

Come and be  
crowned.

**V**eni, electa mea, my moder swete,  
Whanne þou bad me, babe, be ful stille,  
Ful goodli oure lippis þan gan mete,  
44 Witþ bryȝt braunchis as blosmes on hille.  
¶ Fanus distillans it wente witþ wille,  
Oute of oure lippis whanne we dide kis,  
þerfore, moder, now ful stille,  
48 Veni, coronaberis.

- V**eni de libano, pou loueli in launche,  
 þat lappid me loueli *with* liking song,  
 pou schalt abide *with* a blessid braunche,  
 52 þat so semeli of þi bodi sprong.  
 ¶ Ego, flos campi, þi flour, was solde,  
 þat on calueri to þ<sup>e</sup> cried y-wys :  
 Moder, pou woost þis is as y wolde ;  
 56 Veni, coronaberis.

Come from  
 Lebanon, thou  
 who sangst Me to  
 sleep,

Me who on  
 Calvary cried to  
 thee.

- P**ulcra vt luna, pou berist þe lamme,  
 As þe sunne þat schineþ clere,  
 Veni in ortum meum, pou deintiest damme,  
 60 To smelle my spicis<sup>1</sup> þat here ben in fere.  
 My palijs is piȝt for þi pleasure,  
 Ful of briȝt braunchis & blosmes of blis ;  
 Come now, moder, to þi derling dere !  
 64 Veni, coronaberis.

Lovely as moon-  
 light,

come thou to Me.

[Page 4.]  
 My palace is dight  
 with blossoms of  
 bliss.  
 Come, Mother,  
 come and be  
 crowned.

- Q**uid est ista so vertuose  
 þat is euere lastyng for her meekenes ?  
 Aurora consurgens gracionse,  
 68 So benigne a ladi, of such briȝtnes,  
 ¶ þis is þe colour of kinde clenness,  
 Regina celi þat neuere dide mys ;  
 þus eendiþ þe song of greet swettnes,  
 72 Veni, coronaberis.

Who is she that  
 shall endure for  
 ever for her  
 meekness ?

The Queen of  
 Heaven, who  
 never sinned.  
 Come thou then,  
 and be crowned !

[*Quia Amore Languco*, or "In a tabernacle of a tour," and its continuation "In a valey of þis restles mynde," printed in *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, pp. 148-150, follow here. Then "Ihesu, þi swettnes," p. 8, and "Ihesus þat sprong," p. 12, of this volume.]

<sup>1</sup> Compare "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south ;  
 blow upon my garden, *that* the spices thereof may flow out. Let  
 my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."  
*Solomon's Song*, ch. iv. 16. "My beloved is gone down into his  
 garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather  
 lilies." vi. 2.

# Hail, Blessed Mary!

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 24.*]

The heavy Clarendon letters mark the red of the MS.

Hail, Mary,  
Mother of

**H**eil be þou, marie, þe modir of crist,  
Heil þe blessidist þat euere bare child!  
Heil þat conceyuedist al wiþ list

the Son of God!

4 þe sone of god boþe meeke & mykle!

Maiden, never  
defouled,

¶ Heil maide sweete þat neuere was filid!

Heil welle and witt of al wijsdome!

fairest flower of  
the field.

Heil þou flour! heil fairest in feeld!

8 **Aue regina celorum!**

Hail, comely  
Queen,

**H**eil comeli queene, coumfort of care!

Heil blessid lady bothe fair & briȝt!

healer of all pain.

Heil þe saluour of al sore!

12 Heil þe laumpe of lemys liȝt!

[Page 25.]  
Hail, mother  
of Christ,

¶ Heil þou blessid beerde in whom [crist] was piȝt!

Heil ioie of man bothe al and sum!

Heil pinnacle in heuene an hiȝt,

the king of Angels.

16 **Mater regis angelorum!**

Hail, fairest of all,  
who bred our  
bliss, on whom all  
women in child-  
bed call.

**H**eil crowned queene, fairest of alle!

Heil þat alle oure blis in bradde!

Heil þat alle wommen on doon calle

20 in temynge whanne þei ben hard bistadde!

All fende dread  
thee, who feddest  
thy Son with  
maiden milk,

¶ Heil þou þat alle feendis dredde,

And schulen do til þe day of doome!

With maidens mylk þi sone þou fedde,

Thou flower of  
virgins.

24 **O maria, flos virginum.**



- H**eil fairest þat euere god foond,  
 Whiche chees þee to his owne bour!  
 Heil þe lanterne þat is ay lizthond!  
 28 To þee schulen loute boþe riche & poore.  
 ¶ Heil spice swettist of sauour!  
 Heil þat al oure ioye of come!  
 Heil of alle wommen fruyt & flour!  
 32 **Velud<sup>1</sup> rosa vel lilium.**

Hail, choice of  
 God,

whom rich and  
 poor adore.

Hail, fruit and  
 flower of  
 womankind.

[<sup>1</sup> *velud*; *l, u,*  
 and *a* rubbed]

- H**eil be þou goodli ground of grace!  
 Heil blessid sterre upon þe see!  
 Heil of coumfortis in euery caas!  
 36 ¶ Heil þe cheeuest of charitee!  
 Heil welle of witt and of merci!  
 Heil þat bare ihesu, goddis sone!  
 Heil tabernacle of þe trynnye!  
 40 **Funde preces ad filium.**

[Page 26.]

Hail, Star upon  
 the sea,

chiefeest in  
 charity,

tabernacle of the  
 Trinity.

- H**eil be þou virgyne of virgins!  
 Heil blessid modir! heil blessid may!  
 Heil norische of sweete ihesus!  
 44 Heil cheefest of chastite, forsoþe to say!  
 ¶ Lady, kepe vs so in oure last day  
 þat we may come to þi kingdom!  
 For me & alle cristen þou pray,  
 48 **Pro salute fidelium. Amen.**

Hail, blessed  
 maiden.

In our last day  
 bring us to thy  
 realm.

Pray for all faith-  
 ful souls!

## Aue Maria.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 26. Partly  
written without breaks.*]

Hail, Mary,  
Queen and Star of  
Heaven! help me  
and hear my  
prayer.

[<sup>1</sup> Page 27.]

**H**eil be þou marie, cristis moder dere,  
þat' art' queene of heuen, fair and sweete of chere,  
þat' art' sterre of heuen schinyng bryt & clere!  
4 Helpe me, lady <sup>1</sup>ful of myȝt, & heere my *praiere*  
**Aue maria.**

To thee I make  
my moan: let  
me not die in  
any of the Seven  
Sins.

**H**eil blessid marie, mykle queene of heuen!  
Blessid be þi name, ful good it is to nempne:  
8 To þee, lady, y make my moone; I *praie* þee  
heere my steuen,  
And let me neuere die in noon of þe synnis  
seuene.

**Aue maria.**

Hail, Mary, flower  
of all!

To thee I pray!

be by me when I  
die,

and save me from  
Satan's bonds.

**H**eil be þou marie þat' art' flour of alle,  
12 As roose in eerbir so reed!  
To þee, ladi, y clepe and calle,  
To þe y make my beed;  
þou be in stide & in stalle  
16 Whanne y schal drawe to deed,  
And lete me neuere falle  
in boondis of þe queed!

**Aue maria.**

Grant me my  
prayer,

20 **H**eil be þou, marie, þat' hiȝ sittist' in troone!  
Y biseche þee, sweete lady, graunte me my  
boone,

Ihesu to loue & drede, & my lijfe to ameende soone, amend my life,  
 And bring me to þat blis þat neuere schal be everlasting blas.  
 doone.

24

**Aue maria.**

**H**eil be þou marie, gloriouse moder hende!  
 Meeknes & honeste, *with* abstynence, me sende,  
 With chastite & charite into my lyues eende,  
 28 And þat þoruþ þi praier, lady, I mote to heuen  
 blis weende!

Send me meek-  
 ness and charity,  
 that I may go to  
 heaven.

**Aue maria.**

[*Oratio Magistri Richardi de Castre*, p. 15, below, follows here.]

## Poems to Christ.

### The Sweetness of Jesus.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 14.*]

Jesu, beside Thy  
sweetness

all earthly love  
is bitter.

Teach me

firmly to set my  
heart on Thee.

4 **I** Jesu, þi swetnes, who-so myzte it se,  
And þerof haue a cleere knowynge,  
Al erþeli loue bittir schulde be  
Saue þin a-loone without leesinge.  
I praie þee, lord, þat lore leere me,  
Aftir þi loue to haue longynge,  
And sadli to sette myn herte on þee,  
8 In þi loue to haue most' liking.

No earthly love  
delights like  
Thine,

the King of  
Love.

I would my heart  
were wholly  
Thine.

12 **S**o likinge loue in erþe noon is ;  
In soule who-so coude him soþeli se,  
Him to loue were mykil blis,  
For king' of loue callid is he.  
¶ With true loue, y wolde þis,  
So faste to him bounde be,  
þat myne herte were holli his  
16 So þat no þing' likid me but' he.

[Page 15.]  
If Nature bids me  
love my kin, I  
should love Thee  
first, who didst

put Thy likeness  
in my soul.

20 **I**F y for kyndenes schulde loue my kyn,  
þan me þenkiþ in my þouzte  
Bi kyndeli skile y schulde bigynne  
At' him þat haþ me maade of nouzt.  
¶ His lijknes he sette my soule with-inne,  
And al þis world for me haþ wrouzt,  
As fadir he fondid my loue to wyzne,  
24 For to heuene he haþ me brouzt.

- A**s moder of him, y make now mynde,  
 þat bfore my birþe to me toke hede,  
 And sipen with baptym waiship þat kynde  
 28 þat foulide was þoruȝ adams dede.  
 ¶ With noble mete he noriship oure kynde,  
 For with his fleisch he doop us fede,  
 A betere fode may no man fynde,  
 32 To lastyngge lijf it wole us lede.

Before my birth  
 He cared for me,

and now feeds  
 our race with His  
 blood.

- O**ure broþer & sustir he is bi skile,  
 For he so seide, & lerid us þat lore  
 þat who so wrouȝte his fadris wille  
 36 Briperen & sustren to him þei wore.  
 ¶ Mi kinde also he took þer-tille,  
 Ful truli truste y him þerfore  
 þat he wole neuere lete me spille,  
 40 But wiþ his mercy salue my sore.

He is the brother  
 and sister of

those who do His  
 Father's will.

[Page 16.]  
 He took my  
 nature, and so I  
 trust Him.

- T**he loue of him passip, certis,  
 Al erþeli loue þat may ben here ;  
 God & man, my spouse he is,  
 44 Weel ouȝte y, wrecche, to loue him dere.  
 ¶ Boþe heuen and erþe holli is his,  
 He is lord of greet powere,  
 Callid he is þe kyng of blis,  
 48 His loue me longip for to leere.

His love passes  
 all earthly love,

and He is my  
 spouse.

His name is King  
 of Bliss.

- A**ftir his loue me þenkip long  
 For he haþ myne ful dere y-bouȝte ;  
 Whanne y was wente fro him with wrong,  
 52 From heuen to erþe he me souȝte.  
 ¶ Mi wrecchid kynde for me he fonge,  
 And al his nobley he sette as nouȝt,  
 Pouert he suffride, & peynes stronge,  
 56 Aȝen to blis or he me brouȝte.

He bought my  
 love full dear,

took my wretched  
 nature, and

brought me to  
 bliss.

[Page 17.]  
Love for me  
brought Him to  
earth,

and for that He  
pledged His life,

and shed His  
precious blood.

His sides were  
bloody, His heart  
pierced with a  
spear.

He gave His life  
for my guilt.

My heart should  
break with pity,

for I was cause  
of all His woe.

[Page 18.]  
For me He  
suffered death,

and rose again,

and went to  
heaven.

He protects me  
from my foes,

the friend that  
never fails, and  
asks only my love  
again.

**W**hanne y was þral, to make me fre,  
Mi loue fro heuene to erþe him ledde,  
My loue aloone haue wolde he,

60 For þerfore he leide his lijf to wedde.

¶ Wiþ my foo he fauȝte for me,  
Woundid he was, and bittirli bledde,  
His preciouſe blood ful greet plente

64 Ful piteuouseli for me was ſchedde.

**H**iſe ſidis bloo and blodi were  
þat ſumtyme were ful briȝt of blee;  
Hiſe herte was perſid wiþ a ſpere,

68 Hiſe ruli woundis were ruþe to ſe.

¶ Mi raunſum forſope he paid þere,  
And ȝaf hiſ lijf for gilt of me,  
Hiſ deēp ſchulde be to me ful dere,

72 And perſe myn herte for pure pitee.

**F**or pitee myn herte ſchulde breke on two,  
To hiſ kyndenēſ if y took hede;

Encheſon y waſ of al hiſ woo,

76 He ſuffride ful harde for my miſ-dede.

¶ To laſtyng lijf þat y ſchulde go,  
He ſuffride deēp in hiſ manhede;  
And whanne hiſ wille waſ to lyue alſo,

80 Aȝen he rooſ þoruȝ hiſ godhede.

**T**o heuen he wente with myche bliſ  
Whanne he ouercome hiſ bataile,  
Hiſ baner ful brode diſplayid iſ

84 Whanne ſo my fo wole me aſſaile.

¶ Weel ouȝte y, wrecche, to ben hiſ,  
He iſ þat freend þat neuere wole faile:  
No þing deſiriþ he þat iſ,

88 But true loue aȝen for hiſ trauaile.

**T**hus wolde my spouse for me fɪʒt,  
 And for me was woundid sore,  
 For my loue his deef was diʒt;  
 92 What loue myʒte he kɪpe more?  
 ¶ To ʒelde his loue haue y no myʒte  
 But loue him hertili þerfore,  
 And worche weel *with* werkis riʒt  
 96 þat he haþ lerid me *with* loueli lore.

For me He was  
 wounded sore,

and died.

I cannot repay  
 His love, but

only obey His  
 commands.

**W**ɪp loueli lore his werkis to fille,  
 Weel ouʒte y, wrecche, if y were kynde,  
 Nyʒt & day to worche his wille,  
 100 And euere haue þat lord in mynde.  
 ¶ But goostli foos greuē me ille,  
 And my freel fleisch makɪþ me blinde;  
 þerfore his mercy y take me tille,  
 104 For betere bote can y noon fynde.

[Page 19.]

I must alway  
 work His will;

but my foes and  
 flesh blind me.

I fly to His mercy,

**B**etere bote is noon to me  
 þan to his mercy truli me take  
 þat *with* his fleisch haþ made me free,  
 108 And me, wrecche, his childe wole make.  
 ¶ I praie þat lord for his pitee  
 þat he for synne me not forsake,  
 But ʒeue me grace fro synne to flee,  
 112 And him to loue let me neuere slake.

which is my best  
 remedy.

O Lord, forsake  
 me not, but give  
 me grace to love  
 Thee.

**I**hesu, for þe swetnes þat in þee is,  
 Have mynde of me whan y hens wende,  
*With* stidfast truþe my wittis þou wis,  
 116 And, lord, þou scheelde me from þe fcende\*!  
 ¶ For þi mercy forʒeue me my mys,  
 þat wickid werk my soule neuere schende,  
 And lede me, lord, in-to þi blis,  
 120 *With* þee to wone *with*oute cende. AMEN.

For Thy  
 sweetness

keep me from the  
 evil one:

[Page 20.]  
 For Thy mercy

lead me into bliss,  
 ever to dwell  
 with Thee!



## Be my Coumfort, Crist Ihesus!

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1400 A.D., page 20.*]

Jesu,  
  
savour sweet to  
man's soul,

4

8

Thou Virgin's  
son!

Son, and Mother,  
coumfort me!

12

**I**hesu pat' sprong of iesse roote,  
As us hap prechid pi prophete,  
Flour and fruyt boþe softe and sote,  
To mannis soule of sauour sweete;  
Ihesu! þou brouȝtist man to boote  
Whanne gabriel gan marie greete,  
To felle oure foomen vndir foote,  
In hir þou siȝ a semeli sete:  
¶ A mayden was pi modir meete,  
Of whom þou took fleisch for us;  
As ȝe may boþe my balis beete,  
So be my coumfort, crist' ihesus.

Jesu,  
  
to save man's  
soul Thou wert  
poorly clad,  
put in a cradle,  
[Page 21.]

16

20

born in  
Bethlehem.

By Thy kiss to  
Thy mother,  
  
coumfort me!

24

**I**hesu, þou art' wijsdom of witt'  
Of pi fadir ful of myȝt!  
Mannys soule, to saue it,  
In poore aparaile þou were piȝt.  
¶ Ihesu! þou were in cradil knyȝt,  
In wede wrappid boþe day & nyȝt,  
In bethleem born, as þe gospel writt',  
With aungelis song and heuene liȝt.  
Barn y-born of a beerde briȝt,  
Ful curteis was pi comeli cus;  
þoruȝ uertu of pat' sweete siȝte,  
So be my coumfort, crist' ihesus.

Jesu, who wast  
fair when young,

**I**hesu, pat' were of ȝeeris ȝong',  
Fair and fresch of hide and hue,

- Whanne þou were in þraldom þrong',  
 28 And turmentid wíth many a iewe,  
 ¶ Whanne blood and watir were out' wrong',  
 For beetinge was þi bodi blewe;  
 As a clot of clay þou were for-clonge,  
 32 So deed in þrouz þanne men þee þrewe.  
 ¶ But grace of þi graue grew;  
 þou roos up quik counfort to us.  
 For hir loue þat þis councel knewe,  
 36 So be my counfort, crist' ihesus.
- Ihesu, soopfast' god and man,  
 Two kindis knyht in oon persone,  
 þe wondir werk þat þou bigan  
 40 þou hast' fulfillid in fleisch & bone.  
 ¶ Out' of þis world wiztli þou wan,  
 Liftynge up þi silf a-loone;  
 For myztli þou roos, & ran  
 44 Streijt vnto þi fadir in trone.  
 ¶ Now dare man make no more moone;  
 For man it' is þou wrouzte þus,  
 And god wiþ man is maade at oone,  
 48 So be my counfort, crist' ihesus.
- ¶ Ihesu crist', holi and hende,  
 þat beerde was blessid þat bare þee,  
 Aftir hir whanne þou gan sende,  
 52 In heuene blis wiþ þee to bee.  
 ¶ Out' of þis worlde whanne sche wende,  
 Boþe bodi & soule were sett' in see  
 Hiȝer þan ony of<sup>1</sup> aungelis kinde,  
 56 In troone a-fore þe trynȝte.  
 ¶ þere may þe sone his modir se  
 In heuene an hiȝ to helpen us;  
 þou peerless princes, praie for me!  
 60 And be my counfort, crist' ihesus.
- when Thou wert  
on the Cross,  
  
turnedst blue,  
and like a clod of  
clay wast cast in  
grave.  
  
But quickly Thou  
arose.  
  
Then comfort me.  
  
[Page 22.]  
Jesu, God and  
man,  
  
soon Thou rose  
from the dead to  
  
Thy Father's  
throne.  
Man shall mourn  
no more,  
  
so comfort me.  
  
Jesu, Thou  
sentest for Thy  
Mother to heaven,  
  
and set her higher  
than the angels  
on a throne.  
<sup>1</sup> of in margin.  
  
[Page 23.]  
Peerless Princess,  
pray for me!  
and, Jesus,  
comfort me!

Jesus,  
 rule me,  
 64 **I**hesu, my souereyne sauour,  
 Almyȝti god, þere ten no moo :  
 Crist, þou be my gouernour,  
 þi feiþ lete me not fallen fro.  
 ¶ **I**hesu, my ioie and my socoure !  
 In my body and soule also,  
 God, þou be my strengist fode,  
 68 And wisse þou me whan me is wo.  
 ¶ Lord, þou makist freend of foo,  
 Lete me not lyue in langour þus,  
 But se my sorowe, & seie now 'ho,'  
 stay my sorrow,  
 and comfort me. 72 And be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

Prince of Peace,  
 I pray Thee  
 76 **I**hesu, to þee y crie and greede ;  
 Prince of pees, to þee y praye ;  
 þou woldist bleede for mannīs nede,  
 And suffre manye a feerdful fray.  
 ¶ þou me fede in al my drede  
 Wip pacience now and ay  
 Mi lijf to lede in word & dede  
 80 As is moost plesaunt to þi pay,  
 ¶ And to deie weel whanne it is my day.  
 Ihesu, þat deied on tree for us,  
 Lete me not be þe feendis pray,  
 Be my comfort,  
 Christ ! 84 But be my coumfort, crist ihesus ! AMEN.

[Page 24.]  
 help me in all my  
 fear,  
 let me please Thee  
 in word and deed,

and die well at  
 my day.

[The two Hymns to the Virgin, "Heil be þou, Marie," printed  
 on pages 4-7 of this Text, follow here.]

## Richard de Castre's Prayer to Jesus.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 28, written  
without breaks.*]

Oratio magistri Richardi de castre, quam ipse posuit.

<p><b>I</b>Hesu, lord, þat madist me,          And wiþ þi blessid blood hast bouzt,          Forȝeue þat y haue greued þee          4    <i>With</i> worde, <i>with</i> wil, &amp; eek <i>with</i> þouzt.</p>	<p>Jesu,           forgive what I          have grieved          Thee.</p>
<p>¶ Ihesu, in whom is al my trust,          þat deied upon þe roode tree,          Withdrawe myn herte from fleischli lust,          8    And from al wordli vanyte !</p>	<p>Withdraw my          heart from fleshly          lust.</p>
<p>¶ Ihesu, for þi woundis smerte          On feet &amp; on þin hondis two,          Make me meeke &amp; low of herte,          12    And þee to loue as y schulde do !</p>	<p>Make me meek          and lowly of          heart.</p>
<p>¶ Ihesu, for þi bitter wounde          þat wente to þin herte roote,          For synne þat haþ myn herte bounde,          16    þi blessid bloode mote be my bote.</p>	<p>Thy blood must          heal my guilt.</p>
<p>¶ And ihesu crist, to þee y calle          þat art god ful of myzt;          Kepe me cleene, þat y ne falle          20    In deedli synne neiþer be day ne nyzt.</p>	<p>Keep me pure          from mortal sin.</p>

Let me never  
displease Thee.

¶ Ihesu, graunte me myne askinge,  
Perfite pacience in my disese,  
And neuere mote y do þat þing'  
24 þat schulde þee in ony wise displese.

Grant that I and  
all to whom I am  
bound may die  
well.  
[Page 29.]

¶ Ihesu, þat art oure heuenli king,  
Sooþefast' god, & man also,  
ʒeue me grace of good eendinge,  
28 And hem þat Y am holden vnto.

Speed my prayers  
that I may not be  
condemned.

¶ Ihesu, for þe deedly teeris  
þat þou scheeddist' for my gilt,  
Here & spede my praiers,  
32 And spare me þat y be not spilt.

Keep Thy reveng-  
ing hand from  
those who anger  
Thee.

¶ Ihesu, for them y þe biseche  
þat wrappen þee in ony wise,  
With-holde from hem þin hond of wreche,  
36 And lete hem lyue in þi seruice.

Comfort all who  
are full of care.

¶ Ihesu, moost' counfort' for to se  
Of þi seintis euerychoone,  
Counfort' hem þat careful been,  
40 And helpe hem þat ben woo bigoon.

Amend all who  
have grieved Thee.

¶ Ihesu, keepe hem þat been goode,  
And ameende hem þat han greued þee,  
And sende hem fruytis of erþeli fode  
44 As ech man nedip in his degree.

Stop these wars,  
and send us peace.

¶ Ihesu, þat art with-uten lees  
Almyʒti god in trynyste,  
Ceesse þese werris, & sende us pees  
48 Wip lastinge loue & charitee.

Ihesu, þat art þe goostli stoon  
Of al holi chirche in myddil erþe,

Bringe þi fooldis & flockis in oon,  
52 And rule hem riȝtli *with* oon hirde.

Bring Thy flocks  
and folds in one;

¶ Ihesu, for <sup>1</sup>þi blessidful blood,  
Bringe, if þou wolt, þo soulis to blis  
For<sup>2</sup> whom y haue had ony good,  
56 And spare þat þei han do a-mys. AMEN.

[<sup>1</sup> Page 30.]  
and bring to bliss  
all who have done  
me good. Amen.  
[<sup>2</sup> ?for Fro]

[“Who-so wilneþ,” printed on pp. 11-12 of *The Babees Book*,  
&c., follows here, on p. 30 of the MS.]

## Do Merci bifore thi Iugement.

<sup>453</sup> <sup>1430</sup>  
 [Lambeth MS. 583, ab. 1340 A.D., page 54, written  
 without breaks.]

Our Creator is  
the maker of all,

to whom we  
lament

how frail we are.

God, be merciful  
before thy  
judgment!

**T**here is no creatour<sup>1</sup> but<sup>t</sup> oon,  
 Maker of euery creature,  
 God a-loone, & euer more oon,  
 4 And þre in oon alway to endure.  
 ¶ To þat<sup>t</sup> lord we make oure moone  
 To whom al counfort is, & cure,  
 To þinke how freel we ben echoon.  
 8 In þis world is hard auenture:  
 ¶ Who-so þerof is moost<sup>t</sup> ensure,  
 Sunnest<sup>t</sup> schal he be schamed and schent<sup>t</sup>.  
 Or þou þe world *with* fier pure,  
 12 Do merci bifore þi iugement<sup>t</sup>.

Damn not Thine  
own work to  
please the Devil;

banish us not  
from thy sight!

**L**ord, do mercy or þat<sup>t</sup> þou deeme,  
 Lest<sup>t</sup> þou dampne þat<sup>t</sup> þou hast<sup>t</sup> wrouȝt<sup>t</sup>:  
 What<sup>t</sup> ioie were it<sup>t</sup> a feend to qweme,  
 16 To ȝeue him þat<sup>t</sup> þou hast<sup>t</sup> dere bouȝt<sup>t</sup>.  
 ¶ Out of þi sizt<sup>t</sup> if þou us fleme,  
 We ben dampned riȝt<sup>t</sup> as nouȝt<sup>t</sup>;  
 þi passioun make us briȝt<sup>t</sup> & schene  
 20 In wil, in worde, in dede & þouȝt<sup>t</sup>!

<sup>1</sup> MS. 'creature,' but a later hand has written *our* over the *ure* of 'creature,' and dotted the *ure* out.

- ¶ For whi, synne haþ us þoruȝ souȝt ;  
 þer-fore ameende þou oure entent  
 To þe doom or we bee brouȝt !  
 24 Do mercy bifore þi iugement.

Amend our  
 purposes before  
 Thy Judgment.

- W**e axe þi mercy, þou heuenli king,  
 For þou art lord of ech degre ;  
 Of erþe þou madist oure bigynnyng,  
 28 And aftir with spirit enspirid us free.  
 ¶ Wip trees and gras þou ȝaf us growinge,  
 Wip beestis, feelinge lijf haue we,  
 And with aungils we haue vndirstondinge,  
 32 And þerbi we schulden know þee.  
 þou baddist þat alle schulde multiplie,  
 But we ben fals & negliget :  
 For we may not hide us from þin ize,  
 36 Do merci bifore þi iugement.

[Page 55.]  
 We ask Thy  
 mercy.

Thou madest us  
 of earth, and  
 breathedst spirit  
 in us,

giving us sentient  
 life with beasts,  
 and knowledge  
 with angels.

We are false, but  
 cannot hide from  
 Thee.  
 Have Mercy on  
 us !

- Þ**ou baddist us axe merci, & we schulden haue ;  
 It doop us counfort on þee to calle,  
 þou hast ordeined man to saue,  
 40 For þi merci passiþ þi werkis alle.

Thou baddest us  
 ask Mercy.

- ¶ þi herte blood for us þou ȝaue,  
 þou madist us free where we were þralle :  
 Lete neuere þe feend oure soulis craue  
 44 þat waischen was in þin holi welle !  
 ¶ Oure fleisch is freel, it makip us falle,  
 Wip grace<sup>1</sup> we risen & schulen repente ;  
 And in hope of þee we schal :  
 48 Haue merci to-fore thi iugement.

Thou gavest  
 Thine heart's  
 blood for us :

[<sup>1</sup> Page 56.]  
 our flesh is frail :  
 give us Grace  
 and Hope ; and

have Mercy on  
 us.

- W**e axe mercy bi riȝtwijsnes,  
 For þi biheest is al oure riȝt,  
 And of þi greet kindenes  
 52 þou hast mercy to us bihiȝt.

We rely on Thy  
 promise of

Mercy to us.



We can do  
nothing  
of ourselves.

¶ We ne be but erpe watirlees,  
þat to springe vertu haþ no myzt;  
þis worldis likerose bittirnes

56 Bireueþ us discrecioun & oure sizt.

The world, the  
flesh, and the  
devil fight with  
us.  
Have Mercy  
before Thy  
Judgment.

¶ þe feend, þe fleisch, þe worlde, wiþ us ay fiȝt;  
þus be we taken in turment;  
þerfore, lord, or þi doom be diȝt,

60 Do merci bifore þi iugement.

We have corrupt-  
ed our nature  
with sin;

**W**iþ synne we han defoulid oure kinde,  
And kinde may we not eschewe;  
To wrappe þee, god, we ben vnkinde;

we are untrue.

64 þou kindeli king, we ben vntrewe!

Remember not  
our trespass;  
[Page 57.]

¶ Aȝens þis can no clerk skile fynde;  
Graciose god, upon us rewe;

we cannot escape  
Thee.

Take not oure trespass in to mynde,  
68 But in þi doom lete merci sue!

¶ For þouȝ we wolden from þee remewe,  
In ech place þou art present;  
Or we were born, lord, þou us knewe;  
72 Do merci bifore þi iugement.

Have mercy on  
us.

Lord, we commit  
our life to Thee;

**L**ord! oure soule, oure spirit, oure lijf,  
Into þin hondis, lord, we bitake;  
Out of temptacioun and strijf,

keep us night and  
day.  
Jesu, drive

76 Lord, kepe us wheþer we slepe or wake.

the devil from us  
when we die;

¶ Ihesu, for þi woundis fyue,  
And for þi [blessid] modir sake,  
þe feend away from us þou dryue

80 Whanne deep with us maistrie schal make,

let him not seize  
our souls.

¶ And suffre him not oure soule away to take  
For whiche on roode þou were to-rent;

Have Mercy  
before Thy  
Judgment.

Aȝens þi doom we tremble & quake;  
84 Do merci tofore þi iugement!

God, mingle  
Mercy with  
Justice,

**G**od, þou deeme us riȝtwijsli,  
Medele þou merci with excusioun,

- For we han forfeitid wrongfulli;  
 88 Take hede to *oure* contricioun!  
 ¶ We ȝeelde us synful & sory  
 By <sup>1</sup>Knowliche & confessioun;<sup>2</sup>  
*þi* passioun & *þi* mercy  
 92 We take to *oure* entensioun.  
 ¶ Bileeue is *oure* saluacioun,  
 With keping<sup>t</sup> of *þi* comaundement.  
 God, putte *þin* holi passioun  
 96 Bitwixe us & *þi* iugement! Amen.  
<sup>2</sup> MS. confessoun.

take heed to our  
 contrition.  
 We are sinful and  
 sorry.  
 [<sup>1</sup> Page 58.]  
 We plead Thy  
 sufferings:

put them between  
 us and Thy  
 Judgment.

[“As y gan wandre,” printed below, follows here.]

## The Love of Jesus.

(Pages 90-102, written without breaks.)

Love in Christ is  
everlasting life;

**L**oue is lijf þat lastiþ ay  
þere it is in crist made fest,  
Whanne wele ne wo it slake may,

4 As writen han men wisest.

it turns work into  
rest.

¶ þe nyȝt it turneþ in-to day,  
Traueile it turneþ in to rest :

If þou wolt do as y þee say,

8 þou schalt þanne be with þe best.

Love is like a fire;

¶ Loue is a þouȝt with greet desir,  
And also of a fair loouynge;

Loue y likne in-to a fier

12 þat slakeen may for no þing.

it cleanses us of  
sin.

¶ Loue clensiþ us of oure synne,  
loue oure blis schal bringe,  
Loue þe kingis herte may wyne,

16 loue of ioie euere may synga.

The help of Love  
reaches to heaven.

þe socour of loue is liftid hie,  
For into heuene it ran;

Me þenkiþ in herte þat it is slize,

20 þat makip þe peple boþe pale & wan.

[Page 91.]

¶ þe beed of blis it goiþ ful nyȝ,—  
I telle ȝou it as y can,—

þerof us þenkiþ þe wey to drie,

24 For euere loue coupliþ god to man.

It couples God to  
man.

- ¶ Loue is hetter þan þe cole  
 To hem þat of it is fayn & frike,  
 þe flawme of loue, who myzte it þole,  
 28 If it were euermore lijke :
- ¶ Loue us heliþ, & makiþ in qwart,  
 And liftiþ us up in-to heuene-riche,  
 And loue rauschiþ *crist* in-to oure herte,  
 32 I woot nowhere no loue it is lijke.
- ¶ Leerne to loue if þou wolt lyue  
 Whanne þou schalt hens fare ;  
 Al þi þouzt to him þou zeue  
 36 þat may þee kepe from care ;
- ¶ Loke þou þin herte fro him not twynne  
 þou; þou wandre euery where,  
 So þou may weelde him *with-inne*,  
 40 And loue him hertili euermore.
- Ihesu, þat me loue hast lende,  
 In-to þi loue þou me bringe,  
 Take to þee al<sup>1</sup> myn entente  
 44 þat þou be to me myn zerninge,
- ¶ And þat synne from me awei were went,  
 And loue come myn owne coueitynge,  
 þat my soule hadde herd & hent  
 48 þe songe of þi sweete louynge.
- ¶ þi loue is to us euerelastyng  
 Fro þat tyme þat we may it verrili fele,  
 þerinne make we euere brennyng,  
 52 þat no þing may it uerrili keele.
- ¶ Mi þouzt, take it into þin hand,  
 And stable þou it ilke a dele,  
 þat y be no þing hildande  
 56 To loue uerrili þe worldis welo.

Love is hotter  
 than coal;

it cheers us, and  
 lifts us to heaven.

Learn to Love

God, and put not  
 thine heart from  
 Him.

[Page 92.]  
 Jesu! bring me  
 to Thy Love

that sin may leave  
 me,

and my soul may  
 hear the song of  
 Thy loving.

Thy Love lasts  
 ever.

Take my desire to  
 Thee

that I may not  
 love the world.

<sup>1</sup> *al* in margin.

If I love any  
earthly thing,

¶ If y loue ony erþeli þing  
þat þaieþ to my wille,  
And sette my ioie in foule likinge,

60 Whanne it may come me tulle.

[Page 93.]  
at my death it  
will be poison

I may drede at my departynge  
þat it wole be attir & ille,  
For alle my welpis ben wepinge

in hell.

64 whanne peyne my soule wolde spille.

Earthly joy,

¶ þe ioie þat men heere seen  
Is ful likinge vnto þe izee ;  
þat now is fair, freische, and grene,

now fresh and  
green, soon fades.

68 And anoon aftir is welkid away :

Such is the world ;

¶ þis is þe world, alle men moun seen,  
And wole be vnto domysday,

toil and trouble.

Ful greet traueile, & myche tene ;

72 To flee þat is ful hard in fay.

If you leave evil,

¶ If þou leue yuel in al þi þouzt,  
And hate þe filthe of synne,  
And zeue to him þat þee dere bouzt,

and give yourself  
to Christ,

76 þat he weelde þee wíth-inne,

¶ Al þi soule þi lord haþ souzt,  
And þerof he wolde not myzne ;

He will bring you  
to bliss.

þus schalt þou to blis be brouzt,

80 And wonye heuene wíþ-ynne.

[1 Page 94.]  
Love is trusty and  
true,

¶ For<sup>1</sup>soþe þe kinde of loue is þis,—  
þere it is trusty and trewe,—  
To stoonde euere in stabilnes,

never changing.

84 And chaunge neuere for no newe.

He who finds it

¶ þat wízt þat þat loue may finde,  
Or euere in herte it knewe,

need not care.

Fro care it turneþ þat kinde :

88 Such a mirþe fyndip to fewe.

- ¶ For-þi, loue þou as y þee rede ;  
 Crist is trewe loue, as y þe telle ;  
 Wiþ aunzilis take þou þi stide ;  
 92 þat ioie loke þou not felle.  
 ¶ In erþe hate<sup>1</sup> þou no maner qweed,  
 But loke þat þi loue may dwelle,  
 For loue is more stronger þan deed,  
 96 Loue is more harder þan helle.
- ¶ Loue is lizt, & a birþun fyne ;  
 Loue gladiþ boþe zonge and oolde ;  
 Loue is wiþout ony pyne,  
 100 As louers han me toolde.  
 ¶ Loue is goostli deli-<sup>2</sup>ciouse as wijn  
 þat makip men boþe big & bolde ;  
 To þat loue y schal me so faste tyne,  
 104 þat y in herte it<sup>3</sup> euermore holde.
- ¶ Loue is þe swettiste þing<sup>4</sup>  
 þat heere in erþe men may han ;  
 Loue is goddis owne derlinge ;  
 108 Loue byndip boþe blood & baan.  
 ¶ In loue, þerfore, be oure likinge ;  
 I knowe no betere won ;  
 For me oonli, & my louynge,  
 112 Loue makip boþe but oon.
- ¶ But al fleischli loue schal fare  
 As doop þe flouris of may,  
 And schal be lastande na mare  
 116 But as it were an hour of a day ;  
 ¶ And sorewen aftir þat ful sare  
 Hir lust, her pride, & al her play,  
 Whanne þei aren cast in care,  
 120 In-to pyne þat lastip ay.

Christ is true  
Love.

Let thy Love be  
His.  
It is stronger than  
death and hell.

Love gladdens  
young and old.

[<sup>2</sup> Page 95.]  
It is delicious as  
wine.

Hold fast to it.

Love is

God's own  
darling.

Let our delight be  
in it.

Fleashly love is  
like May flowers,

lasting only an  
hour.

And after comes  
sore sorrow

in hell.

<sup>1</sup> ? loue.

<sup>3</sup> it in margin.

[Page 96.]  
When men rise  
again,

if they have  
sinned here,

they shall lie in  
hell.

Rich men shall  
rue their sin in  
hell.

But Love, and  
then you'll sing  
to Christ.

Jesu, Son of God!

send Love into  
my heart!

[<sup>1</sup> Page 97.]

Be my Love!

Jesu, maiden's  
Son!

Pierce my soul  
with thy spear.

Make my heart  
light in thy  
sweetness.

¶ Whanne her bodies in þe fen liggen,  
þanne schulen her soulis be in drede,  
And up aȝen as men schulen risen,  
124 And answe're for her mys dede.  
¶ If þei be seen þan in sygne,  
And now heere þer liif þei ledde,  
þan schulen þei ligge helle wiþ-inne,  
128 And derkenes haue to mede.

¶ Riche men her hondis schal wryngo,  
And her wickid werkes abie  
In flawmes of fier bitterli brennyng,  
132 Wiþ care and sorewe schamefastli.  
¶ If þou wolt loue, þan may þou synge  
To þi lord crist in melodie:  
þe loue of him ouercomeþ al þing;  
136 In loue lyue we & die.

**I**hesu! god-is sone þou art,  
lord of moost hiȝ magiste,  
Sende verrili loue in-to myn herte  
140 Oonly <sup>1</sup>to coueite þee!  
¶ Reue me likinge of þis world,  
Mi loue þat þou may be;  
Take myn herte in-to þi ward,  
144 And sette þou me in stabilte!

¶ Ihesu! þou, þe maidens sone,  
þat with þi blood me bouȝte,  
þirle my soule with þi spere anoon,  
148 þat myche loue in men hast wrouȝt.  
¶ Me longiþ þou lede me into þi siȝt,  
And fastne þere in þee my þouȝt;  
In þi swetnes make myn herte liȝt,  
152 þat al my woo wexe to nouȝt.

- ¶ **I**hesu, my god & my loueli king!  
 Forsake þou not my desijr;  
 Mi þouȝt make to be meeking;  
 156 I hate boþe pride & ire.  
 ¶ þi wil is al my desiryng;  
 Of loue kyndeþe þou þe fier,  
 þat y *with* þi sweete louyng  
 160 Wiþ aungils take myn hire.
- ¶ Wounde þou myn herte wiþ-izne,  
 And weelde me at þi wille;  
 Of blis þat neuere schal blynne,  
 164 þou fastne me þat y not spille.  
 ¶ þat y þi loue may wynne,  
 Of grace my þouȝt þou fille,  
 And make me cleene of synne  
 168 þat y may come þee tille.
- ¶ Ihesu! putte *in-to* myn herte  
 þe memorie of þi pyne!  
 In sijknēs,<sup>1</sup> and eek in qwarte,  
 172 þi loue be euere myne!  
 Mi ioie is al of þee;  
 My soule, take it as þine;  
 Mi loue euere wexinge be,  
 176 So þat y neuere dwynne.
- ¶ My loue is euere *in* sizinge  
 While y dwelle in þis way;  
 Mi loue is in þee longyng,  
 180 þat bindiþ me niȝt & day  
 ¶ Tille y come vnto my king,  
 þere y wone *with him* may,  
 And se his fair schynnyng  
 184 In lijf þat lastiþ ay.

Jesu, my God!

make me meek;

kindle within me  
the fire of Love!Wield me at Thy  
will,[Page 98.]  
that I may win  
Thy love

and come to Thee.

Jesu, remind me  
of Thy sufferings.give me Thy  
Love,take my soul as  
Thine.

My Love sighs

and longs

till I come to my  
Kingin Life that lasteth  
aye.<sup>1</sup> MS. lijknēs.



- Christ has sent  
me His Love.
- ¶ Longinge is in me so lent  
For loue, þat y ne can lete ;  
His loue he hap me now sent  
188 þat euery bale may bete ;  
¶ Sipeþ þat myn herte was brent  
In cristis loue so sweete,  
All woe has left  
me.
- Al woo fro me awei is went  
192 And we neuere aȝen schulen mete.
- I sit and sing.  
[<sup>1</sup> Page 99.]  
Jesu, my joy,
- ¶ I sitte and synge of loue longynge  
þat in my <sup>1</sup> brest is now bred.  
Ihesu, my king and my ioiynge !  
196 Whi ne were y to þee led ?  
¶ Ful weel y woot in al my zernynge,  
In al ioie, y schulde be fed.  
Ihesu ! me brynge to þi woniynge,  
200 For þe blood þat þou hast bleed.
- Jesus was hung  
on the Cross,  
scourged,
- ¶ Demed he was on a crosse to heng,  
þe fair aungelis foode ;  
Wiþ scourgis þei gan him sore swing  
204 Whanne þat he bounden stooode ;  
¶ His brist was bloo in betyng,  
Not spilt was his blood ;  
þe þorn crowned þat king  
208 þat doon was on þe roode.
- White was His  
breast,  
[See *Political*  
*E. and L. Poems*,  
p. 214.]  
wan his face,
- White was his nakid breest,  
& reed his bloodi side,  
Wan was his face fairest,  
212 Hise woundis depe & wide.  
¶ þe iewis wolde not þan reste  
To pyne him more in þat tide ;  
Al he suffride þat was wisest,  
216 His blood to lete doun glide.
- down his blood  
did glide,

- ¶ Blyndid were hise faire yzen,  
 And al his fleisch bloodi for-bete ;  
 Hise <sup>1</sup>louesum lijf þat' alle men sizē[n],  
 220 Ful myldeli he out' gan lete.
- ¶ Deed & lijf bigunne to striuen  
 Wheper myȝt' be maister þere ;  
 Liif was slayn, & roos a-ȝen ;  
 224 In-to blis ful fair may we fare.
- ¶ He þat' þee bouȝt' haue al þi þouȝt',  
 And lede he it in to his loore ;  
 ȝeue al þin herte to crist' in qwarte,  
 228 And so to loue him euermore.
- ¶ I sizē, y sobbe, boþe day & nyȝt',  
 For oon þat' is so fair of hue ;  
 þere is no þing' myn herte may liȝt'  
 232 But his loue þat' is so true.
- ¶ Who so hadde him in his sizte,  
 Or in his herte him knewe,  
 His moornynge schulde turne into ioie briȝt',  
 236 His longynge into glewe.
- ¶ In mirþe lyueþ he nyȝt' & day  
 þat' loueþ þat' sweete childe ;  
 Wrappe wolde from him away,  
 240 Were he neuere so wielde.
- ¶ It' is ihesu, forsoþe to say,  
 Of alle meekist' & myelde ;  
 He þat' in herte him loueþ þat' day,  
 244 From yuel he wole him schielde.
- ¶ Of ihesu þanne moost' list' me speke,  
 þat' may of al my bale be bote ;  
 Me þinkeþ myn herte wole al to-breke  
 248 Whanne y þinke on þat' saote.

[<sup>1</sup> Page 100.]  
 out he let his  
 lovesome life.

Life was slain,

but rose again to  
 give us bliss.

Give thy heart to  
 Christ !

I sigh and sob for  
 Him ;

nothing but He  
 can comfort me.

He alone can

turn mourning  
 into joy.

He who loves  
 Jesus,

[Page 101.]  
 meekest and  
 mildest of all,

will be shielded  
 from evil.

Of Jesus I must  
 speak,

for He has caught  
my heart in Love.

¶ In loue lauzt he haþ my þouzt,  
þat y schal neuere for-lete;  
Ful dere me þinkeþ he haþ me bouzt,  
252 Wip bloodi heed, hondis, & feeto.

For Love my  
heart will burst  
when I see Christ.

¶ For loue myn herte wole to-berste  
Whanne y þat fair loue biholde;  
Loue is ful fair þere it is fest,  
256 þat neuere wole be coolde.

Love is the best  
of all works.

¶ Loue us reueþ þe nyztis rest;  
In grace it makip us boolde;  
Of alle werkis loue is þe beeste,  
260 As holi men me haþ tolde.

I sigh when I  
think on Jesus

nailid on the  
Cross,

¶ No wondir if y sizhande be,  
And sipen in woo al bi-sett;  
Ihesu was nailid upon þe tree;  
264 3he, al bloody for-beet.

[Page 102.]

suffering for man.

¶ To þinke on him is greet pitee,  
To se how tenderli he gret;  
þis haþ he suffride, man, for þee,  
268 If þat þou wolt þi synnes leett.

The sweetness of  
Christ's Love  
none can tell.

¶ þere is no lijf in erþe may telle  
Of þis loue þe swetnes:  
þat stidefastli in loue can dwelle,  
272 His ioie is euere eendelee.

God keep him  
who Loves, from  
hell.

¶ God schielde þat he schulde to helle,  
þat of loue longinge kan not ceeße,  
Or euere hise enemyes schulde him qvelle,  
276 Or þat he so his loue schulde lese.

Jesus is the Love  
that lasteth aye.

¶ Ihesu is þe loue þat lastip ay,  
To him is oure longinge.  
Ihesu þe nyzt turneþ to day,  
280 And derknes in-to day spryngt.

<p>¶ Ihesu ! pinke on us now and ay,          For þee we holde ourc kyng !          Ihesu, geue us grace þat weel may,          284 To loue þe <i>with</i> oute eendynge !—A-M-E-N.</p>	<p>Jesu, think on us,            and give us          Grace to love          thee ever. Amen.</p>
---	---

[“The good wijf,” printed in *The Babees Book*, &c., follows.]

and bound the  
Devil,

*And boond þe feend for al his boost*  
60 *þat he was neuere so sore adradde.*

and brought  
Adam, Eve, and  
others, from hell.

¶ *Al azens his wil & al his oost*  
*Adam & eue with him he ladde,*  
*And many moo out of þat coost*  
64 *þat weren in prisoun ful hard bistadde.*

If you follow  
Jesus,

*And if þou in ihesu haue delite,*  
*þouȝ al þe world do þee assaile,*  
*Do aftir þis, & þou schalt wite*  
68 *þat meekenes <sup>1</sup>Wole þee moost availe;*  
*For who þat suffrip heere dispite,*  
*And meekeli a-bidiþ in þat bataile,*  
*it wole turne hem to greet profite*  
72 *& eendlees ioie for her trauaile.*

[<sup>1</sup> Page 120.]  
you shall find that  
Meekness will  
prevail,

bringing you to  
endless joy.

If any man do  
you wrong,

¶ *If ony man do to us a mys,*  
*Or wole in ony wise to us offende,*  
*for þe loue of ihesu haue mynde on þis,*

for Jesus' love

76 *& lete meekenes þi mood ameende*  
*wip ihesu crist, as oon of his,*

suffer it; you  
shall dwell with  
Him in bliss.

*And suffre meekeli what god wole sende,*  
*þanne schal we be with him in blis*  
80 *þat euerschall laste wipouten eende. A-M-E-N.*

[“How mankinde dooþ bigynne,” pp. 58-78 of this Text,  
follows here.]

# I wiyte my silf myn owne Woo.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 226-33.*]

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p><sup>1</sup> <b>I</b>N my 3onge age ful wielde y was,<br/>         Mi silf þat tyme cowde y not knowe,<br/>         Y wolde haue my wil in euery place,<br/>         4 And þat hap now brouȝt me ful lowe.<br/>         þinke, ihesu, how y am þin owe!<br/>         For me weere þi sidis boþe pale &amp; bloo!<br/>         To chastise me þou doist it, y trowe;<br/>         8 Y wiyte my silf myne owne woo!</p> | <p>In my youth I<br/>         was very wild,<br/> <br/>         and that has<br/>         brought me low.<br/>         But, Jesu, think<br/>         how I am thine.<br/> <br/>         I blame myself<br/>         for my woe.</p> |
| <p>¶ I made couenaunt, true to be,<br/>         Firste whanne y baptisid was;<br/>         Y took to þe world, &amp; wente from þee,<br/>         12 Y folewide þe feend al in his traas;<br/>         From wrapþe and enuye wolde y not pas;<br/>         Coueitise and auarise y usid also,<br/>         My fleische hadde his wille, alas!<br/>         16 Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo!</p>                          | <p>I kept not my<br/>         baptismal<br/>         covenant,<br/> <br/>         but followd the<br/>         devil,<br/> <br/>         let my flesh<br/>         have its will,</p>   |
| <p>¶ Now y woot y was ful wielde,<br/>         In þat my wil passid my witt;<br/>         Y was ful sturdy, &amp; þou ful myelde;<br/>         20 Ihesu, lord, y knowe weel it.<br/>         Of þi blis y were ful qwytt<br/>         If y hadde aftir þat y haue do;<br/>         But to þi merci y truste ȝitt,<br/>         24 Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo!</p>  | <p>and was<br/>         rebellious.<br/> <br/>         But, Jesu,<br/> <br/>         [Page 227.]<br/> <br/>         I trust to Thy<br/>         mercy.</p>  |

<sup>1</sup> I goes to line 7.

I was proud and  
extravagant,

¶ I was hiȝ of herte and stowte,  
And in my cloping wondre gay;  
I lokide men schulde vn-to me lowte

caring only for  
women and dress.

28 Where-so þat y wente bi þe wey.  
Faire wommen, and good aray,  
Al myn entent y took þer-to;  
Aȝen þi techinge euere y seide nay;

32 I wite my silf myn owne woo!

I trusted riches,  
not God,

¶ I trustide more to worldli good  
þan to god þat it me sente;  
Weelþe made me hiȝ of mood;

and stuck at  
nothing to get  
money.

36 Lust and likyng me ouer wente.  
To gete good y wolde not stente,  
Y ne rouȝte how y come þer-to;  
To þe poore y neiþer ȝaf ne lente;  
40 Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo!

[Page 228.]  
Lord, I feard  
Thee not,  
but Thou

¶ Lord, y hadde no drede of þee;  
Mi grace wente away þefore;  
But, lord, as þou bouȝtist me,

suffered'st for me.

44 So lete me neuere be for-lore.  
For me þou suffredist peines sore;  
þou art my freend, and y þi foo;  
Mercy, lord! y wole no more;

Have mercy on  
me!

48 Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo!

Three evil things  
ruin a man.

¶ þer ben .iiij. poyntis of myscheef  
þat ben confusioun to many a man,  
Which þat worchen to her soulis greet greef;

I. The desire of  
poor men to look  
like rich ones.

52 Y schal hem rehersen as y can.  
Poore men proud, þat litil han,  
þei wolen be a-raied as riche men goo;  
þei hindren hem silf & opir þan,

II. The covet-  
ousness of rich  
men,

56 And mowe wiyte hem silf her owne woo.

¶ A riche man, þeef, is anothir,  
þat of coueitise wole not slake;

If he *with* wrong<sup>t</sup> bigile his broþir,  
 60 Heuene blis he schal forsake ;  
 Bifore god, for þeeft<sup>e</sup> it<sup>i</sup> is take,  
 Al þat<sup>t</sup> *with* wrong<sup>t</sup> he wyneþ so ;  
 But if he here a-meendis make<sup>1</sup>  
 64 he schal wiyte *him* silf his owne woo.

cheating others,

[Page 229.]  
 which with God  
 is theft.

[<sup>1</sup> MS. made]

¶ An oolde men lecchour, þe þridde it<sup>i</sup> is,  
 For his complexioun wexiþ coolde ;  
 It bringeþ þe soule to payne from blis,  
 68 It stinckeþ on god so manye foolde.  
 Theise .iiij. þat<sup>t</sup> y haue of toold  
 Ben pleasinge to þe feend oure foo ;  
 Hem to use, who is so boold,  
 72 May wiyte *him* silf his owne woo.

III. The lechery  
 of old men.

These three please  
 the Devil.

¶ Manye defaultis god may fynde  
 In vs þat schulde hise seruau<sup>t</sup>is be ;  
 He schew<sup>i</sup>th us loue, & we vnkinde,  
 76 Certis þe more to blame be wee.  
 Summe staren broode & moun not<sup>t</sup> se,  
 Synne is þe cause it<sup>t</sup> fariþ soo ;  
 Suche dreden not<sup>t</sup> god, y seie to þee,  
 80 And may wiyte *hem* silf her owne woo.

God shows us

love, and we look

away from Him  
 through sin.

We may blame  
 ourselves for our  
 own woe.

¶ In .iiij. þingis y dare weel sayn  
 god schulde be worschipide ouer al þing<sup>t</sup> ;  
 do riȝtwijsnes *with* merci *with* al þi mayn ;  
 84 þe þridde is cleennesse in lyuyng<sup>e</sup> :  
 To bischopis & curatis þat<sup>t</sup> han kepinge,  
 it<sup>i</sup> is her charge, & to lordis also.  
 and if þei contrarie god-is biddinge,  
 88 þei may wiyte *hem* silf her owne woo.

[Page 230.]  
 In three things  
 we should  
 worship God,  
 Righteousness,  
 Mercy,  
 Chastity,  
 which bishops,  
 curates, and lords  
 are bound to keep.

¶ wrong<sup>t</sup> is an hiȝ seete þere riȝt<sup>t</sup> schulde be,  
 merci for mys deede is putt<sup>t</sup> away ;

Wrong is now set  
 up where Right  
 should be.



Lechery drives  
away Purity.

letcherie hap made clenness to flee,  
92 Loue may not abide nyght ne day.  
þus þe feend, y dare weel say,  
wole make oure freend oure moost foo :  
man, amende þee whilis þou may,  
96 Or wiyte þi silf þin owne woo.

I must be troubled  
while I follow my  
own will.

¶ It is no wondir þou; y be woo  
myn owne wil while y wole sewe,  
& my lordis bidding wole not doo :  
100 y am ful fals, but he is trewe,  
And 3it he fyndip me with al þing newe,  
And y serue þe feend, and go him froo ;  
But if y amende, it schal me rewe,  
104 And may wiyte my silf myn owne woo.

[Page 231.]

I serve the devil.

Priests, knights,  
and labourers  
shall all suffer if  
they do wrong,

¶ In þre degrees þe world kept is,  
With preestis, knyztis, and laborere,  
And which of hem þat doon amys,  
108 þei schulen it abie wondir deer.  
Bi good ensaumplis þe preestis schuld lere  
þe vnlearned how þei schulden doo :  
If her word & werk coorde not in fere ;  
112 þei mowe wite hem silf her owne woo.

and blame them-  
selves for their  
distress.

Lords should

help the poor,

but instead often  
oppress them,

and when in woe  
will have to blame  
themselves.

¶ Knyzthode also, lordis, ne opir,  
Schulden not be of conscience light,  
þei schulden helpe her poore suster or broþer,  
116 And also strengþe hem in her ryght  
þoru; pride & coueitise summe leesen her myzt ;  
For lecherie, grace is kept hem froo ;  
If þei biholde her owne in-syght,  
120 þei mowe wiyte hem silf her owne woo.

[Page 232.]  
Labourers should

¶ þe laborer schulde truly traueile þan,  
And be riȝtful boþe in worde & deede,

- And what-euere werkis þat he can,  
 124 And resonabli to take his meede.  
 Wrongfulli summe her lijf heere lede  
 Among<sup>t</sup> leerned & lewde it is founde so,  
 And in her laste eende it is to drede  
 128 þei mowe wiyte hem silf her owne wo.
- ¶ Man, take hede what þou art :  
 But wormes meete ! þou woost weel þis ;  
 Whanne þat þe erþe hap take his part,  
 132 Heuene and helle schal haue his.  
 If þou doist weel, þou goist to blis ;  
 If þou do yuel, þou goost to þi foo ;  
 Loue þi lord god, & þinke on þis,  
 136 Or þou wite þi silf þin owne woo.
- ¶ Now ihesu crist, oure sauour :  
 From oure foos þou vs defende ;  
 In al oure nede be oure socour,  
 140 Heere & whanne we hens wende,  
 And sende us grace so to amende,  
 His blisse þat we may come vnto,  
 Heere to make so good an eende  
 144 þat wee not cause oure owne woo.  
 Deo gracias .

work well, and  
 take reasonable  
 wages.

But some do  
 wrong,

and will have to  
 blame themselves.

Man, worms'  
 food, thou must  
 go

to bliss or hell.

Do not have to  
 blame thyself for  
 thy woe.

Christ, defend us,

here and  
 hereafter.  
 [Page 233.]

Bring us to Thy  
 bliss, that we may  
 not cause our own  
 woe.

[End of the MS. In a later hand is "This is *sir*  
 Hary myndes booke, Record<sup>1</sup> of John Dauis, & of *sir*  
 John George & of *Sir* Robert george fines" (?).]

<sup>1</sup> May be *Recevd.*

## The Virtues of the Name Jesus.

[Page 88.]

This name, Jesus,

when thou  
speakest it, it  
shall be honey in  
thy mouth and  
melody in thine  
heart.

[\* Page 89.]

Think on Jesus;

it drives out the  
devil, and opens  
heaven.

Also hail Mary  
often.

Keep Love in  
thine heart, for  
Love is the ful-  
filling of the Law.

**I**F pou wole be weel with god, *And* haue grace  
to reule pi lijf, *And* come to þe ioie of loue, þis name  
ihesu, fastne it so fast in þin herte þat it come neuere  
4 out of þi þouȝt. And whanne pou spekist to him,  
& seist ihesu þoruȝ custum, It schal be in þin cere  
ioie, *And* in þi moup hony, *And* in þin herte melo-  
die, For þou schalt þinke ioie to heere þe name of  
8 ihesu be nempned \*,<sup>2</sup> swetnes to speke it, Myrþe &  
song to þinke on it. If þou þinke on ihesu con-  
tynueli, *And* holde it stabli, It purgip þi synne, it  
kyndelip þin herte, It clarifieþ þi soule, It remeueþ  
12 anger, it doip a-way slownes, It wyndip in loue  
fulfillid of charite, It chasip þe deuyl, it puttip  
out drede, It openep heuene, it makip contemplatijf  
men haue in mynde ofte ihesu, For alle vici &  
16 fantums it puttip fro þe loue. Also þerto heile ofte  
marie boþe day & nyȝt, *And* þanne myche ioie &  
loue schalt þou fele. And þou do aftir þis lore, þe  
needip not greetli coueite many bookis. Holde loue  
20 in herte & in werk, *And* þou hast al þat we may  
seie or write, For fulnes of lawe is charite: In þat  
hongip al.

\* There is a curl of contraction as for *er* over the second *c*.

A Song Called  
**Þe Deuelis Parliament,**  
 OR  
**Parlamentum of Feendis.**

(*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., Pages 157—182.*)

**W**hanne marye was greet with gabriel,  
 And had conceyued & boren a childe,  
 Alle þe deuellis of þe eir, of erþe, & of helle,  
 4 helden þer paralament of þat maide mylde,  
 ¶ What man had made her wombe to swelle.  
 “To tempten hir 3e tenden to seelde;  
 her childis fadir who can telle,  
 8 Who dide with hir þo werkis wielde?”

When Mary had  
 given birth to  
 Jesus, all the  
 Devils held a  
 consultation as to  
 who had begotten  
 Him.

¶ In helle þe feendis þoo answeride,  
 “We knew neuere fadir þat he hadde,  
 But amongis prophetis we haue leerid  
 12 þat god with man hap couenaunt maade:  
 ¶ A serpent in-deseert was rerid,  
 So schal god-is sone in man be had,  
 þe soule of him schal be vnsperid,  
 16 his herte to-cloue, and he for-bleed.

The Hell-Devils  
 did not know, but  
 had learnt from  
 Prophets

¶ þese prophetis spoken so in myst,  
 What þei mente we neuere knewe;  
 þei spoken of oon schulde hote crist,  
 20 But maries sone hi3te ihesu;

that God's Son  
 was to be raisd  
 in man, and to  
 suffer death;

[Page 158.]

and that one,  
 Christ, should  
 come; but Mary's  
 Son was Jesus.

Also that Christ  
should be one  
with God; but  
Jesus was not.

So the Devils  
were puzzled.

But they agreed  
that if God sent  
His Son into  
man's body,

they would claim  
Him as theirs,  
because He'd be  
of man's nature,

and though of  
alien begetting,  
yet sown in  
Adam's ground,  
[Page 159.]  
and to be reaped  
by them,  
God notwith-  
standing.

The Master Devil  
undertook to  
tackle Jesus,

make a fool of  
Him, and bring  
His soul to hell.

For 30 years they  
tried

¶ And þei seiden þat crist with god schulde be  
a-twist,

But þis ihesu neuere in þe godhede grew ;  
We ben bigilid alle wiþ oure lyst.

24 þe cloop is al of anothir hew ;

¶ And þouȝ god make hise parlament  
Of pees, mercy, trouthe, & resoun,  
And from heuen til erþe his sone be sent

28 In mankinde to take a cesoun,

¶ We schulen ordeyne bi oon assent  
A priuey counsell al of tresoun,  
And clayme ihesu for oure rent :

32 For þat he is kinde of man, it is good chesoun.

¶ Write we his name, wheþer we spede,  
Sipen to us he is vnknownen,

For þouȝ he be come of straunge seed,  
36 ȝit in adams grounde was he sownen.

¶ Whanne he is ripe, do we oure dede ;  
Loke we þat we him boþe repe & mowen,  
For þouȝ god him silf oure rollis rede,

40 Bi riȝt we chalenge ihesu for oure owne."

“**T**o me, maistir deuel, it liȝs ;  
To ihesu wole y take hede,  
To norische him in manye delijs,

44 His freel fleische boþe to clope & fede ;

¶ And þouȝ þat he be neuere so wiȝs,  
ȝit out of þe wey y wole him lede,  
And make of him boþe fool and nyce,

48 And in helle his soule brede.”<sup>1</sup>

¶ þus deuelis þer wilis caste  
Wiþ þer argumentis greete,  
& þritti ȝeer þei foondid faste

<sup>1</sup> This line added at bottom.

52 To tempte ihesu in manye an hete.

¶ "In to a wildirnes *with* ihesus y paste,  
Of him knowliche for to gete,  
And fourty daies þere he faste

56 Wipoute sleep, drinke, or meete."

to tempt Jesus,  
and went to a  
wilderness

where he fasted  
40 days.

¶ þe maistir deuel wondre þouzte  
Of ihesus stalworþe complexioun ;  
Bi mannys fode lyuede he nouzte,

60 But bi praiers and deuocioun.

¶ "But whanne he bigan to hunger, as me þouzt,  
To tempte him þanne y made me boun :  
'Lo, heere be stoonys hard y-wrouzte,

64 Make herof breed, y seide, to mannys foisoun.'

[Page 160.]  
The Master Devil  
wondered at  
Jesus' constitu-  
tion, living only  
on prayers ;

but at last  
tempted Him,

'Here are stones,  
make them  
bread.'

¶ 'Forsoþe,' ihesu seide, 'not' oonli in breed  
is verrili mannys propir lyuyngt,  
But' in euery worde of þe godhede

68 To body and soule is coumfortyngt.'

¶ Vpon an hiȝ pinnacle þanne y him brouzte,  
And left' him þere, and leep a-downe,  
And seide, 'sauē þee harmelees, lyme & heed,

72 And kipe now maistries while þou art' zonge.

Jesus said, 'Man's  
food is not bread  
alone, but every  
word of God.'

The devil took  
Him to a pinn-  
acle, leapt down,  
and asked Him to  
follow.

¶ If þou be god-is sone, lete se ;  
Of þee is writen longe a-goon,  
"Aungils in hondis schullen beere þee

76 Lest' þou spurne þi foot' at' a stoon."

¶ Quod ihesu, 'in holi writt' þou maist' se,  
Tempte not' þi lord god lyuyngt aloone ;  
Wip al þi myght' and þi pooste

80 þou schalt' him serue, and opir noone."

'Angels shall  
bear Thee in their  
hands lest Thou  
strike Thy foot  
against a stone.'

[Page 161.]  
Jesus said,  
'Tempt not thy  
God, but serve  
Him with all thy  
might.'

¶ þe deuel siz it' myght' not' geyn ;  
Of ihesu his purpos he gan mys ;  
He brouzte him til an hiȝ mounteyn,

Then the Devil  
brought Him to  
a mountain,



showd Him all  
the world's riches,  
and said,

'Worship me, and  
all this is Thine.'

'Begone, Satan,  
from heaven!

Thy Lord God  
only shalt thou  
honour.'

'Alas,' said the  
Devil,

'I am sore hit, I  
never stood such  
an attack.'

[Page 162.]  
Again the Devils  
held their Parlia-  
ment in the mist.  
'Some one is  
coming to rife  
our home.'

Once his name  
was John the  
Baptist, then  
Jesus, then  
Christ.

He has never  
sinned in lust,

but has resisted  
temptation.

He said He would  
throw down the  
Temple, and raise  
it on the third  
day.

At His birth

84 And bad him do as he wolde wys.

¶ And þere he schewide him upon þat' pleyn,  
Iewels, ritchesse, and worldli blisse ;

"Worschipe me here, & bicomie my swayn,

88 And y schal ȝeue þee al this."

¶ "Go, sathanas ! from blis þou flit,  
From heuene riche, þat' rial tour !  
It is writen oonli in holi writt'

92 'þi lord god þou schalt' honour.'"

¶ "Alas," quod þe deuel, "where hast' þou þat'  
witt'?

þi wordis are bittir, þi werkis aren sour,  
þi conclusioun so soore me knyȝt,

96 I abood neuere so scharp a schour."

¶ þe deuelis gadriden þer greet' frame,  
And heelden þer parlament' in þe myst.  
"Oon wolde riflee us at' hame,

100 And gadere þe flour out' of oure gryst' ;

¶ Neewe gilours wolde waite us schame,  
Oon[ys] men clepid him iohne þe baptist',  
But' now he haȝ turned, ihesus is his name :

104 þat' first' hiȝte ihesu, now is clepid cryst',

¶ I siȝ him neuere rage ne plawe,  
But' euere in stabilnes he is ay,  
And streitely kepiȝ god-is lawe,

108 And stijfly wiȝ-stoondiȝ myn assay ;

¶ To werkis of vice wole he not' drawe ;  
A wondir worde y herde him say,  
þe greet' temple he wolde down þrawe,

112 And reise it' aȝen on þe þridde day.

¶ Whanne he was born, wondris bifel :  
Ouer al was pees, boȝe eest' and west',

- In rome of oile þere sprongt a welle,  
 116 From tristiu<sup>1</sup>er to tybre it ran prest.  
 ¶ In rome þer templis doun felle,  
 þer mawmetis diden al to-brest,  
 Aungils to scheperdis glorie gan telle—  
 120 'In erþe, to al mankinde, boþe pees & rest.'
- ¶ þe emperour in rome stood hiþe,  
 þre sunnis in oon he siþ schyninge clere,  
 In þe myddis of hem a maiden he siþe  
 124 A man childe in her armes beere.  
 ¶ þe emperour & eek sibile spoken prophesie,  
 And þei acordiden boþe in feere,  
 And seiden 'god-is sone mankinde schulde bie;  
 128 It is þe tokene, þe tyme neiþer neere.'
- ¶ Also þre kingis come fro fer,  
 To worschiþe ihesu al þei souþte;  
 þat reisid eroudis herte þere  
 132 þem to slee, for þei so wrouþte.  
 ¶ Bi þe liztnynge of a sterre,  
 To ihesu alle þre presentis þei brouþte;  
 Homeward an aungil tauþte hem nerre  
 136 A-noþer wey þan þei had þouþte.
- ¶ þanne y counsellid eroud *with-inne* a while  
 To distroie þe former prophesie,  
 þat alle men children in towne & pile  
 140 to slee þem, þat ihesus myght *with hem* die.  
 ¶ He ascapide in to egipt; in þat while  
 þer mawmetis fil doun from an hiþe;  
 he knew my þouþte, & siþ my gilee,  
 144 y myghte not hide me from his yþe.  
 ¶ To tempte ihesu it wole not auaile;  
 Of þe worldis good haþ he no neede;

a well of oil  
 sprang up in  
 Rome; temples  
 fell; idols broke.  
 [Page 163.]

Angels announst  
 Peace on earth  
 to all mankind.

The Emperor saw  
 three Suns in  
 one; in their  
 midst a Maid with  
 a child.

He and the Stbyl  
 prophesied, 'God's  
 Son shall redeem  
 mankind; the  
 time draws nigh.'

Three Kings came  
 from far to  
 worship Jesus,

Ied by the light of  
 a Star, bringing  
 presents.

[Page 164.]  
 The Devil advised  
 Herod

to slay all the  
 male children,

but Jesus escaped  
 into Egypt,

detecting the  
 Devil's guile.

'It is no good to  
 tempt Him;

<sup>1</sup> Is this *Trastevere*.



- I leese on him so myche trauaile,  
 the more I work, 148 þe more y so worche, þe worse y spede;  
 the worse I speed,  
 ¶ With þe scharper a-sautis y him assaile,  
 þe lasse of me he stoonðiþ in drede,  
 þe bolder in bikir y bidde him bataile,  
 and the less He 152 þe lasse of me he takip hede.  
 heeds me.
- If I tempt Him  
 ¶ For if y tempte him in wrappe or pride,  
 Wip pacience and mekenes he sconfitip me;  
 to lechery,  
 He escapes by 156 If y tempte him to letcherie, y muste me hide,  
 chastity.  
 He voidip me of wip chastitee.  
 [Page 165.]  
 He abides in  
 charity,  
 and will not be  
 covetous.  
 ¶ In glotenie & enuye wole he not abide,  
 But is euere in mesure and in charitee;  
 In coueitise & auarise wole he not ride,  
 160 but is euere in largenes and in pouerte."
- I can't make Him  
 stumble.  
 [1 ? coole, scoole.]  
 He never went to  
 school, and yet  
 I saw Him argu-  
 ing against all  
 the Doctors.  
 ¶ þe deuel seide, "neip̃er in hoot' ne coolde<sup>1</sup>  
 I may not make him stumble ne falle;  
 I nyste him neuere goo to scolee,<sup>1</sup>  
 164 And ȝit' oonis y siȝ him spute in þe scoole halle:  
 ¶ He satte him silf on þe hiȝest' stoole,  
 And argued aȝens þe maistris alle;  
 Summe callid him wiȝs, summe callid him foole,  
 He calls Himself 168 But' 'goddis sone' he him silf doop calle.  
 God's Son.
- He makes the  
 crooked straight,  
 gives sight to the  
 blind, sense to  
 madmen,  
 and drives out  
 devils.  
 ¶ Hise werkis passen mannis kinde,  
 For crokid & creplis he makip riȝt';  
 For deef, & dombe, & boren blynde,  
 172 he ȝeueþ hem speche, heeryng', & sight.  
 ¶ Woode men, he ȝeueþ hem þer mynde,  
 And makip mesels hool and liȝt';  
 A legioun of feendis in a man he dide finde,  
 176 Alle he drofe out þoruȝ his myght.  
 ¶ Wiyn of watir he makip blyue,  
 And doop manye a wondir dede,
- [Page 166.]  
 He turns water  
 into wine;

Wip two fysehis, and loues fyue,  
 180 fyue þousand men y saw; him fede.  
 ¶ Twelue leepis of releef þerof dide þriue  
 To men, women, & children, þat hadden nede;  
 Deed men he reisid from deef to lyue,  
 184 And ȝit weriþ he neuere but oo wede.

feeds 5000 men  
 with two fishes  
 and five loaves,  
 leaving 12 baskets  
 of fragments,

and raises the  
 dead to life.

¶ He handliþ neiþer money ne knyf,  
 Neiþer in synne desiriþ he ony woman to kis;  
 But oonis he saued a weddid wiif,  
 188 In spousebriche þat hadde doon mys.  
 ¶ He is so wondirful in lijf,  
 I can not knowe weel what he is;  
 I wolde we hadde eendid oure striif;  
 192 He is oute of oure bookis, & we out of his.

He desires no sin  
 with woman,  
 and yet once  
 saved an  
 adulteress.

He is such a  
 wonder I cannot  
 make out what  
 He is.

He is out of my  
 books.

2.<sup>1</sup>  
 A fitte. **S**ipen y him first tempte bigan,  
 I siȝ him neuere chaunge hewe;  
 Oonys he bad me 'go, foule sathan!'  
 196 Euere-more þat repreef y rewe.

I have never seen  
 Him change  
 colour, though  
 once He reproved  
 me.

¶ In werkis he is good, in persooene a man;  
 Lijk to him y neuere noon knewe.  
 Where lerned he al þe witt þat he can?  
 200 For euery day he dooþ wondris neewe.

[Page 167.]  
 In person He is a  
 man; but where  
 does His know-  
 ledge come from?

¶ I folewide him oonys to a place,  
 To a mounteyne upon an hiȝte;  
 Petir, iames, & iohā, þere was,  
 204 Ely & moyses stood þere up riȝt.

Once I saw Him  
 with Peter,  
 James, John,  
 Elias, and Moses.

¶ I wolde haue seen ihesu-is face,  
 But y myȝt not, it schoon so briȝt;  
 In þe soopfast sunne closid it was,  
 208 þe briȝt beemys blent my siȝt.

His face shone so  
 bright

that it blinded  
 me.

¶ To lette þe prophesie soone y went,  
 þe iewis to slee ihesu y ȝaf hem chois;

I gave the Jews  
 the choice of  
 killing Jesus.

<sup>1</sup> Apparently 2 in red, partly cut, before "A fitte."

If He dies on the  
cross, we are  
ruined; so I was  
sorry to hear  
their 'Crucify  
Him,' and set  
Pilate's wife to  
stop it.

If he die on þe roode, we schul be schent:  
212 I wolde not þat þei hadde ȝeue þat vois.

¶ Me was woo for þat iugement,  
Of 'crucifuge' to heere þe noise;  
Pilatis wijf y bad bisily ȝeue tent

216 þat ihesu were not doon on þe crois.

[Page 168.]  
But the Jews bore  
false witness,  
and nailed Him on  
the Cross till He  
died.

¶ 3it þe iewis, for hise dedis goode,  
Fals witnes vpon him þei berid,  
And nailid him upon þe roode,  
220 And peyned him þere til þat he deied.

I looked sharp  
after His soul,  
but couldn't see  
where it went.

¶ Vndir his lift side y my silf stood,  
And aftir his soule ful naruz a-spied;  
I wist neuere whidir it ȝode;  
224 Whanne he it up ȝaf, so manly he cried;

The sun and moon  
lost their light,

the earth  
trembled,

dead men arose.

I lost my senses,

¶ þe sunne & moone losten þer light,  
þe elementis fouȝten as leit of þundir,  
þe erþe qwoke, and mounteynes an hight,  
228 Valeis, & stoonys, bursten a-sundir;

¶ Dede men risen þoruȝ his myȝt  
To bere witnes of þat wondir;  
My mynde failid, y loste my siȝte,  
232 I nyste how soone y came þer vndir.

and don't know  
where His soul is  
gone to.

¶ Ihesu is soule is wente, y woot not where,  
So priuely it dide from me passe;  
Whanne his herte was þirllid with a spere,  
236 þanne wyste y weel who he was.

[Page 169.]  
But we must get  
ready all our  
tackle, for He'll  
attack us.  
Prepare for  
defence.

¶ Ordeyne we us wiȝ al oure gere,  
For hidir he þinkip to make a race;  
Arise we alle þat ben bounden heere,  
240 And foond we to defende oure place,

If He comes, we  
must all try

¶ For if þat he wole hidir come,  
We schulen foonde euery-choon,



Alle to-gidere, boþe hool & some,  
 244 To teer him from þe top to þe toon."  
 ¶ þanne seide lucifer anoone,  
 "It is but waast to speken so;  
 þe spirit of him is now hidir come  
 248 For to worchen us alle woo."

to tear Him from  
 top to toe.  
 Lucifer said,  
 'That's no good;  
 His spirit is now  
 here to work our  
 woe.'

¶ þere as þe goode soulis diden in dwelle,  
 þei cheyned þe ȝatis, and barred hem faste;  
 "A! now," ihesu seide, "ȝe princis felle,  
 252 Openep þe ȝatis þat euere schal laste,  
 ¶ And letip in ȝoure king of blis to helle."  
 þe deuelis axid him þanne in haste,  
 "Who is þe king of blis þou doost of telle?  
 256 Wenest þou to make us alle a-gaste?"

The Devils  
 chaid up and  
 barrd the gates  
 where the good  
 souls were,  
 Jesus said,  
 'Princis fell, open  
 the gates, and let  
 the King of Bliss  
 into Hell.'  
 The Devils askt,  
 'Who is the King  
 of Bliss?'

¶ "Strong god and king of myght,  
 I am lord and king of blis,  
 Ouer-comer of deep, myghti in fight!  
 260 Euerlastynge ȝatis, openep wight!  
 ¶ Boþe pees, mercy, trouþe, & right,  
 I brouȝt them at oon, & made þem to kis;  
 Euerlastynge ȝatis, openep on hight,  
 264 And lete in ȝoure king to take out his!

[Page 170.]  
 'I am,' said  
 Christ, 'and over-  
 comer of death.'

Everlasting  
 gates! open  
 quickly.

Let in your King  
 to take out His  
 own.

¶ For y, þe soule of ihesu crist, am come hider,  
 Witnes þerof, my body in erþe lieþ deed,  
 And þe holi goost with þe soule togider  
 268 þat neuere schal parte from þe godhede.  
 ¶ In heuen blis ȝe stooden full slidir;  
 þoruȝ pride ȝe offendid my fadris bede;  
 Mannis soule for meeknes schal come pider,  
 272 þere as ȝe feendis forfeþid þat stide."

I, Christ's soul,  
 am here, though  
 my body lies  
 dead.

Ye lost Heaven  
 from Pride.  
 Man through  
 Meekness shall  
 possess your  
 seats.

¶ þanne seide lucifer, "god dide forbede  
 To adam in paradiis but oon tree,

Lucifer said, 'God  
 condeuind

Adam to Hell for  
ever.

[Page 171.]  
Thou art of  
Adam's seed, and  
we claim Thee.  
There is no return  
from Hell.'

'True,' said  
Christ; 'but the  
closed Hell is for  
you; this Hell is  
free.

Man is redeemd.

Thou art  
condemnd.

I sprang not from  
sinful seed,

but took flesh in a  
maiden sinlessly.

[Page 172.]

When thou  
temptedst Adam,

I fought for him,

and now will  
defeat thee.'

Lucifer said,

And payne of deef to haue for þat dede,  
276 And aftir in helle euere for to be :

¶ And þou art come of adam seed,  
þerfore bi right we chalenge þee,  
For in holi writt þou made rede,  
280 'In helle is no remedie.' "

¶ Ihesu seide, " lucifer, soof þou tellist me ;  
But þou woost not þi silf how  
þere is a boonde helle, but þis is free.

284 þe boond helle was ordeyned for þou ;

¶ For þat þat man forfetid þoruþ a tree,  
þoruþ a tree azen bouzt is he now.  
þou madist him synne, þe payne longiþ to þee,  
288 For þou waitist neuere good to marnis prowþ.

¶ Lucifer, þou me vndir-nome,  
And seidist y was of þe seed of adams kyn ;  
forsope y out of þe godhede come,

292 And took fleisch & blood a maiden *with-inne*.

¶ for as of þe seed of erþe þer springiþ blome,  
So mette we, & partid wiþoute synne :  
þin argument is fals, so is þi doome ;

296 Bi what right woldist þou me wyne ?

¶ Who was cheef of þi counsell  
In heuen whanne þou forfetidist þe blis ?  
In paradiis adam þou dedist assaile,

300 And temptidist him to forfeite his ;

¶ And y in his quarel took bataile  
Azen my fadir to amende his mys,  
Wherfor of þi purpos þou schalt faile,  
304 forþi þi quarel nouzt it is."

¶ þanne lucifer answeride ageyn,  
" Whi spekist þou so to me heere ?

- It is but wantowne wordis in veyn ;
- 308 I trowe þou comest hidir us to fere. ‘Thou comest here to frighten us.
- ¶ Sumtyme whanne y was in heuen an hiȝ,  
þat þat y þere loste for my pride, certeyn,  
Heere-aftir y hope ful sikirly
- 312 For to come to þat blis ageyn.” I hope to get to heaven again.”
- ¶ Crist ihesu spak to sathan tho,  
And seide to him in þis manere,  
“It is but waast to speken so,
- 316 Or ony suche wordis to seie now here. Christ answerd,
- ¶ þat tyme while þou in heuen were,  
Ful myche ioie haddist þou tho ;  
For alle þi felawis, glad were þei þere,
- 320 But riȝt soone it was ouer-goo.” ‘That is idle talk.
- [Page 173.]  
While you were in heaven you had much joy, but it soon ceast.”
- ¶ Lucifer spak to him ageyn,  
And seide to him with wordis sere,  
“In þis place y haue dwellid in woo & peine
- 324 Moore þan þis .iiij. þousand ȝeere : Lucifer said, ‘I have dwelt here in torment above 4000 years ;
- ¶ Helpe me to þat blis ageyn  
þe which y loste for my pride þere,  
for þere it is myrie in certeyn
- 328 To wonye wiþ rial aungils clere.” help me to bliss again,  
  
to merry time with angels.”
- ¶ “I seie þee, lucifer, y schal þee telle,  
Or euere ony þing was wrought—  
Heuene or erþe, eir or helle,—
- 332 Forsoþe þoo y made þee of nought. Christ answerd,
- ¶ In heuen whanne þou stoodist in wele,  
I made þee aboue aungils alle,  
But þerof rauȝt þou neuere a deel,
- 336 Suche pride in þin herte gan falle. ‘Before the heavens were  
  
I made thee of nothing,  
  
and set thee above the angels.
- ¶ In heuen whanne þou were at þi wille,  
þou myȝtist haue be in pees & reste ; [Page 174.]  
In heaven



I gave thee my  
seat when I went  
away, and when  
I came back thou

said'st thou wast  
the worthier,

and thou never  
repentedst.

Adam did;

he asked mercy.

God sent me here  
for that, and let  
me die.

In His name, open  
your gates.

Like lightning  
the gates burst.

[Page 175.]  
Christ took  
out Adam and all  
His chosen ones;  
and all sang  
thanks, namely,

Adam,

Noah,

Abraham,

Moses,

David,

I took þee my seete ful stille,

340 It to 3eme þou were ful prest;

¶ And while y wente where me list,  
And come a3en a-noon in hi3e,

þou seidist þat þou were worpiest,  
344 And to sitte þere as weel as y;

¶ And þou repentidist þee neuermore,  
But euere aggregidist þi trespass.

Adam wepte & sizede soore,  
348 And askid mercy & oile of grace;

¶ My fadir sende me hidir þerfore,  
Vpon a tree leete deef me chase,  
A spere þoru3 myn herte gan boore,

352 & leete out þe derworpiest oile þat euere was.

¶ In my fadris name of heuene  
Opene þe 3atis a3ens me!"

As li3t of leite, and þundir leeme,  
356 þe 3atis to-burste, and gan to flee;

¶ God took out adam and eue ful euene,  
And alle hise chosen companye.  
þe prophetis seiden with mylde steuene,

360 "A song of wondris now synge we."

¶ "A, ha!" seide **Adam**, "my god y se;  
He þat made me wip his hond!"

"I se," seide **noe**, "where comeþ hee  
364 þat sauede me bope on watir & londe!"

¶ Quod **abraham**, "y se my god so free  
þat sauede my sone fro bittir bande!"

þo seide **moyses**, "þese tablis he bitook me  
368 His lawe to preche and vndirstande!"

¶ Quod **Dauid**, "we spoken of oon so grym  
þat schulde breke þe brasen 3atis."

- Quod **Zacharie**, "& his folk out nym,  
 372 And leue þere stille þo þat he hatis."  
 ¶ Quod **symeon**, "he liȝtneþ his folk in dym,  
 Lo where derknes schendiþ her statis.  
 þo seide **iohne**, "þis lomb, y spak of him,  
 376 þat al þe worldis synne a-batys."
- ¶ Oure lord them took bi þe hond,  
 And brouȝt þem to þe place of blis,  
 And seide to them, y vndir-stonde,  
 380 "þis bargeyn y haue bouȝt her, þis :  
 ¶ For riche & pore, free and bonde  
 þat wole axe grace and ameende þer mys,  
 Schulen be with ȝou heere pleyande  
 384 In my kingdom, heuene blis."
- ¶ Thus ihesus crist harewide helle,  
 And ledde hise louers to paradijs :  
 Of þe opere hellis wolde he not melle,  
 388 Where feendis blake bounden lijs,  
 ¶ And where dampned soulis euere schulen dwelle  
 þat wolen not do weel, but euere be nyce,  
 Turmentid with horrible deuelis of helle  
 392 þat sumtyme were aungils of prijs.
- ¶ Helle reprened þo þe deuel sathan,  
 And horribli gan him dispice,  
 "To me þou art a schrewide captayn,  
 396 A combrid wretche in cowardise."  
 ¶ þo seide lucifer, "siþen þe world bigan  
 I haue brouȝt hidir manye a greet price  
 Hidir into helle of al kinde of man,  
 400 Boþe þe false, foolis, and þe wise.
- ¶ Helle, so worschipide neuere þou were  
 If þou cowdist haue kept þee soo ;

Zachariah,

Symeon,

and John the Baptist.

[Page 176.]  
 Christ led  
 them to bliss, say-  
 ing he had bought  
 it for all who will

ask grace, and  
 amend their sins

Thus Christ  
 harrowd Hell.

But the other  
 hells he wouldn't  
 touch, where  
 fiends and damnd  
 souls ever  
 dwell,

tormented by  
 horrible devils.

Then Hell re-  
 proucht Satan  
 with cowardice.

[Page 177.]  
 But Lucifer justi-  
 fied himself; he  
 had brought all  
 kinds of men  
 there,

and Christ too ;  
 but Hell wouldn't



keep them.

I brouzte þee hope god & man in fere;

404 Whi were þou so nyce to leete him go?"

Hell said he  
couldn't help it.

¶ Quod helle, "not wiþ þi poowere

I myzte not werne him oon of tho;

Christ took them.

He took out alle þat were him dere;

408 I myzte not lette him, þouȝ he wolde mo."

Beelzebub barrd  
up the gates, but  
Christ broke them  
through with a  
word.

¶ Quod belsabub, "y barrid ful faste

þe ȝatis wiþ lok, cheyne, bolt, & pyn;

And wiþ oo word of his wyndis blaste

412 þei broken vp, and he came ynne.

¶ He boond me, and downe me caste;

it is to us no bote to stryue wiþ him;

After the Doom  
comes endless  
torment.

Whanne þe dreedful doome is come & paste,

416 Oure eendeles peyne is þanne to bigynne."

[Page 178.]  
Jesus rose on the  
third day,

¶ þouȝ þe iewis dide ihesu to die,

ȝit on þe þridde day he roos to liif aȝen;

It was to him moore victorie

420 þan þowȝ he hadde alle þe iewis sleyn.

and was seen by  
many;

¶ Summe were glad whanne þei him ȝiȝe,

Summe were sory, summe were fayne,

And sumtyme in oon companye

once in a company  
of 500.

424 Amonge .v. hundrid he was seyn.

To Mary Magda-  
lene He said

¶ Of oynement ful manye a drope,

Marie mawdeleyne to ihesu sche brouzte;

Ihesu wente fro a litil a-slope,

'Touch me not,'  
but to His  
disciples,  
'Handle my  
wounds; I have  
flesh and blood,  
which ghosts  
have not.'

428 And seide, "mawdeleyn, towche me nouȝt."

¶ Alle hise disciplis weren in wanhope;

For to counforte them ihesu þouȝte,

And bad hem hise woundis handle & grope,

432 "I haue fleisch & blood! so spiritus haue nouȝt."

To Thomas

¶ Thomas was of right hard bileue

Til he hadde spoke wiþ ihesu tho:

- Ihesu spak wiþ wordis breue,  
 436 "Come hidir, thomas, & speke me to ;  
 ¶ For here þou maist now þe soope preue,  
 How þat y on þe roode was y-doo ;  
 And he þat wille not on it bileue,  
 440 Schal be dampned to peine for euermo."
- ¶ þanne seide ihesu wiþ myelde speche  
 To hise disciplis, "y wole 3e goo  
 To alle creaturis aboute, to preche  
 444 Myn uprisynge, to freende & foo ;  
 ¶ And þo þat bileeuen þat 3e teeche,  
 Bodies and soulis sauēd ben thoo ;  
 And þo þat bileeuen not, y seie to eche,  
 448 þo schulen for euere to peine goo.
- ¶ From 3ou, feendis schulen flee for my name ;  
 Eddris & venym schal from 3ou steele ;  
 þou 3e drinke poisoun, it schal not 3ou tame,  
 452 Neȝer harme 3ou, ne noo greef feele.  
 ¶ I schal newe tungis in 3ou frame  
 Alle maner of langagis forþ to deele ;  
 And þo þat 3e touche, sike or lame,  
 456 Body and soule y wole hem heele."
- ¶ Oure lord, aftir his resurreccioun, here  
 In erþe he was forsope dwellynge  
 Til hooly þursday comen were,  
 460 þat he stiȝ to heuene, where he is kingt.  
 ¶ At þe dreedful doom, wiþ-out lesingt,  
 Boþe quycke and deede þere schal he deme.  
 God 3eue us grace in oure lyuyngē  
 464 To serue oure god, & marie to qweeme.
- ¶ Of alle þe children þat euere were borun,  
 Saue oonli crist him silf a-loone,

Jesus said,  
 'Come and see  
 the proof that I  
 was crucified.  
 [Page 179.]  
 He who will not  
 believe it shall be  
 damnd.'

To His disciples  
 He said, 'Go and  
 preach my upris-  
 ing to all people.

They who believe  
 it shall be saved ;

they who do not  
 shall go to hell.

Devils shall flee  
 from you,

poison shall not  
 hurt you.

You shall speak  
 all languages, and

heal all sick you  
 touch.'

[Page 180.]  
 Christ remaind  
 on earth till Holy  
 Thursday, and  
 then ascended  
 into heaven.

He shall judge the  
 living and dead.

Next to Christ

the holiest child  
was John the  
Baptist, who  
baptized Christ

Was no on so holi here biforn  
468 As was þis holi child seynt iohun  
¶ þat' baptisid oure lord in flom iordon  
Wip ful deuout & good deuocioun,  
And after for ihesus loue to deef gan goon,  
472 And suffride ful mykil passioun.

Christ's blessed  
Mother was

¶ Now schal y telle with ful good cheere  
Of þat' holi assumpcioun  
Of his blessid modir dere,

taken up to her  
Son  
[Page 181.]

476 How sche was taken up with greet' deuocioun

by angels, and  
crownd

¶ Vnto hir blessid sone, as his wil were,  
þat' þerto sente hise aungils a-down,  
& vp þei baren þat' maiden cleere ;

Queen of Heaven,

480 Queene of heuen þere þei dide hir crowne.

while all the  
angels sang

¶ þanne alle aungils þat' were in heuene  
Were at þe crownyng' of þat' maide free,  
And songen alle with mylde steuene

Glory to God.

484 "Gloria tibi domine."

May we all see  
that sight!

¶ þat' is a song' of ioie and blisse!  
God ȝeue us grace þat' sizt' to se,  
Of his mercy þat' we nouȝt' mysse,

488 Qui natus es de virgine.

This song is  
called '*The  
Devil's Perla-  
ment*,' and is read  
on the first Sunday  
in Lent.

¶ þis song' þat' y haue sunge ȝou heere,  
Is clepid '*þe deuelis perlament* :'  
þerof is red in tyme of ȝeere

492 On þe first' sunday of clene lent.

He who would  
go to heaven  
must keep clear  
of the devil.

¶ Who-so wole haue heuen to his hire,  
Kepe he him from þe deuelis combirment';  
In heuene his soule may þere be sure

496 Wip aungils to pleie verament.

[Page 182.]  
There is no tri-  
fling in this tale.

¶ þis lessoun was made but' late ;  
þere ben no triflis in þis tale ;

þe deuelis boost þus gan he bate,  
500 Oure curteis crist, oure king' riale.  
¶ He helpe us in alle at' heuene ȝate,  
Wip seintis to sitte þere in sale!  
Crist! kepe us out' of harme and hate,  
504 For þin hooli spirit so special!

This is how  
Christ humbled  
the Devil.

May He help us  
into heaven, and  
keep us out of  
harm!

**Explicit parlamentum of feendis.**

[The *Diatorie* printed in *The Babees Book, or Manners & Meals*,  
etc., follows here.]



# The Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life.

OR

BIDS OF THE VIRTUES AND VICES FOR THE  
SOUL OF MAN.

[Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., pages 120-150, written  
without breaks, till near the bottom of p. 131, as marked by the  
insetting of the even lines here.]

Man's birth is  
wonderful! Be-  
gotten in sin,

endangering his  
mother's life.

Poor he comes;  
poor he goes.

I dreamt I saw  
a new-born child  
[ Page 121.]

go into the desert,  
and be taken in  
hand by an  
Angel-friend and  
an Angel-foe.

The *World* told  
the Child it gave  
him food and  
clothes.

**H**ow mankinde doop bigynne  
is wondir for to scryue so ;  
In game he is bigoten in synne,  
4 þe child is þe modris deedli foo ;  
Or þei be fulli partide on tweyne,  
In perelle of deed ben boþe two.  
Pore he come þe worlde *with*-ynne,  
8 Wip sorewe & pouert' oute schal he goo.

**I**n wyntir nyȝt' or y wakid,  
In my sleep y dreemed so ;  
I saw a child modir 'nakid,  
12 New born þe modir fro.  
Al aloone, as god him makid,  
In wildirnesse he dide goo,  
Til two *in* gouernaunce it' takid,  
16 An aungil freende, an aungil foo.

**Q**uod þe world to þe child, " how many foolde  
Hast' þou brouȝt' richesse ? now late se :  
þou schuldist deie for hunger and coolde  
20 But y lente meete & cloþe to þee :

- I wole þee fynde til þou be oolde ;  
 How wolt' þou quyte it' me ?"  
 Quod desteine, " he is bouzt' & soolde."  
 24 Quod deef, " his eende make schal we."
- Quod þe child, " y come poore þe world with-  
 inne  
 To pursue a wondirful eritage :  
 Nakid out' of þe wyket' of synne,  
 28 Of the perellis of streite passage,  
 To seke deef y dide bigynne,  
 þat' ilke dredful pilgrymage,  
 Mi body & soule to parte a tweyne,  
 32 To make a deuourse of þat' mariage."
- L**igtnesse, strenþe, corage & bewte,  
 þe comaundementis þat' god bede ;  
 Lust, liking, & iolite,  
 36 .vij. werkis of mercy <sup>1</sup>and þe crede.  
 Veyn glorie, flaterynge, and vanyte,  
 Sowowe, sizinge, loue, & drede,  
 To the child her service profren he,  
 40 For helle peyne or heuene mcede.
- T**hanne come oon & stood ful stille,  
 And his service profride he :  
 " þese folke wolde þi silfe spille  
 44 To make þee bonde ; y wole make þee free.  
 þei han þee tauzt' boþe good & ille ;  
 From her councel fast' þou flee,  
 For my name is freewille ;  
 48 Leue alle hem & folowe me."
- T**he 3onge childe in studie stood,  
 And in herte wittis souzte.  
 Conscience mengid his mood,  
 52 " Mi fair childe, what' hast' þou þouzt' ?

How would he  
pay it for them ?

*The Child :*  
I came to seek  
a wondrous  
heritage ;

to seek Death ;

to divorce my soul  
from my body.

Bodily gifts, and  
God's Command-  
ments,

the Pleasures of  
this life, its  
[<sup>1</sup> Page 122.]  
Sorrrows, and the  
Works of Mercy,

offer to lead the  
child to heaven  
or hell.

*Freewill says,*

I will make thee  
free ;

leave all others,

and follow me.

*Conscience says,*

know evil from  
good;

Freewill will  
make thee mad;

know me,  
Conscience;

[<sup>1</sup> Page 123.]

cultivate  
Prudence;

beware of Reck-  
lessness.

At seven years  
old the Child

is urged by the  
Good Angel to

honour his  
parents:

by the wicked  
Angel to despise  
them;

by the Good to

bridle his tongue;

by the Wicked  
give it license.

[<sup>1</sup> Page 124.]  
Childhood lasts  
from seven

to fourteen.

I am Conscience, knowe yuel & good,  
We two to rekenynge must be brougt:  
Biwaare! free wille wole make pee woode;  
56 Free wille *withouten* witte is nougt.

**F**or my name is Conscience;  
To knowe me *pou* must bigynne;  
Discrecioun is my science,  
60 Vicis & Vertues <sup>1</sup>to voide a twynne.  
A-queynte *pe* weel with Prudence,  
He lediþ alle vertues out & inne;  
Bi waar of richelees, for he wole make diffence,  
64 For he is leder of al synne.<sup>2</sup>

¶ Whanne *pe* child was .vij. 3eer olde,  
Passyng<sup>t</sup> sowkyng<sup>t</sup> of milke drewis,  
*pe* good aungil *pe* childe dide weelde;  
68 Al vertu to him *þan* soone he schewis:  
"To fadir & modir honour *pou* 3eelde;  
Loue god, & drede, and be of good þewis."  
*pe* wickid aungil bad him be boold  
72 To calle boþe fadir & modir schrewis.

**P**e good aungil badde him "be mylde  
From al woo, it<sup>t</sup> wole *þee* werre:  
*þat* man may hiþe housis bilde  
76 *þat* his tunge can weel for-beerre."  
Quod *pe* wickid aungil, "while *pou* art<sup>t</sup> a child,  
With *þi* tunge on folk *pou* bleere;  
Course of kynde is for 3ouþe to be wilde,  
80 To beete alle children, and do hem deerre."

**T**hus at <sup>1</sup>vij. 3eer age childhood bigynnes,  
And folowith folies many foold;  
Aftirward his childhode blynnnes;  
84 Whanne he is fourtene 3eer oolde,



- þanne knowliche of mazhode he wynnes,  
 þe .vij. vertues wiþ him wonne wolde ;  
 þanne comeþ þe .vij. deedli synnes  
 88 With þe wickid aungil housholde to holde.
- Q**uod resoun, "in age of .xx. 3eer,  
 Goo to oxenford, or lerne lawe."  
 Quod lust, "harpe & giterne þere may y leere,  
 92 And pickid staffe & buckelere, þere-wiþ to  
 plawe,  
 At tauerne to make wommen myrie cheere,  
 And wilde felawis to-gidere drawe,  
 And be to bemond<sup>1</sup> A good squyer  
 96 Al nyȝt til þe day do dawe."
- Q**uod conscience, "þat axiþ coost ;  
 þe moore þou spendist, þe lesse þou hast ;  
 þi tyme, þi leernynge boþe ben loost,  
 100 þi freendis good þou spendist in waast."  
 Quod lust to conscience, "3ouþe so muste ;  
 3ouþe can not kepe him chast."  
 "Good conscience, goo preche to þe post,  
 104 þi councel saueriþ not my tast.
- P**ou3 Conscience bidde me be stille,  
 I wole holde forþe þat y bigan ;  
 Al my lust y wole ful-fille,  
 108 I wole spare no womman ;  
 Conscience wolde binde me to skille,  
 And make me his bondman.  
 Fareweel Conscience ! weelcome frewille !  
 112 I wole lerne no more good þan y can."
- N**ow vici3 & vertues wole not slake,  
 Now man is .xx. wyntir in age :  
 Quod pride, "no man þou forsake,  
 116 I wole þee sette in þe hiȝest stage."

Then the Seven  
Virtues and the  
Seven Mortal  
Sins strive for the  
boy's soul.

About twenty  
years old, Reason  
advises man  
study ;  
Lust advises  
music, staff-play,

women, and  
wild companions.

Conscience says  
these will waste  
time and learning.

Lust poohpools  
that; and the  
[1 Page 125.]

young Man scorns  
it;

his lust will spare  
no woman;

he will not be a  
servant to con-  
science, but to  
Freewill, and  
learn no good.

After twenty  
years old, come  
the advices of  
Pride,

<sup>1</sup> bemond is the name of a dog : ? poaching.



- Gluttony, Quod gloteny, "nyȝt & day þou wake;  
Ete late & eerli *in* outrage."
- Lechery, Quod leccherie, "þi seed richelees þou schake,  
120 And make no force of no mariage."
- Wrath, Quod wrappe, "loke þou bere þee bolde;  
What man þee teene, His heed þou breest."
- Envy, Quod enuie, "þi foote þou holde,  
[<sup>1</sup> Page 126.] 124 And pursue <sup>1</sup>for to passe þe beest."
- Sloth, Quod sloupe, "in ȝoupe, or þou be oolde,  
Leerne for to take þi reest."
- Covetousness, Quod Coueitise, "wynnen y wolde."
- Avarice, 128 Quod auarise, "locke me in þi cheest."
- Pride* says, wear long pockets, and slasht (?) clothes;  
"Apparaile þe propirli," quod Pride,  
"Loke þi pockettis passe þe lengist gise;  
Slatre þi clothis bope schorte & side  
132 Passinge alle opere mennis sise;  
And where þat þou goo ouþer ride,  
Do no reuerence to foole ne wise;  
Late no poore neiȝbore þryue þee biside;  
136 Alle oper mennis councel loke þou dispise."
- reverence no one,  
oppress the poor,  
despise advice.
- Meekness* says:  
Pride will bring you to woe.  
"Bi waare," quod Meekenes, "how pride doop  
wys;  
He ȝeueþ but woo & wyssche to wage;  
Of aungelis bewte þe prijs was his;  
140 In heuene on þe hizest stage,  
He wolde haue peerid *with* god of blis;  
Now is he *in* helle moost loopeli page.  
þat feendis forfetid for her mys,  
144 Is now meeke mann's eritage."
- Once he was lovely in highest heaven,  
now he is loathsome in hell,  
and meek man has his inheritance.
- Wrath* advises:  
meddle in every quarrel,  
[Page 127.]  
wrong or right. 148 Bope of wronge & of riȝte.
- Quod wrappe, "From þat councel flee,  
þou art stalworpe, ȝonge, and lizte,  
Of all quarellis medle þou þee

- Who dar bete þee, nay lete be,  
 Riche or poore, weike or wighte,  
 Loke þou bere þee boolde on me,  
 152 And y for þee wole chide & flizte."

I will bully for  
 you.

- P**anne up stood Paciens,  
 "As wrappe biddiþ do not' soo,  
 For wrappe haþ no Conscience,  
 156 He makip ech man operis foo;  
 þer-with he getip his dispence,  
 þat' schulde be freende, to make hem foo.  
 Praise god, he be þi diffence,  
 160 þat' þou be not' founde in þe noumbre of þoo."

*Patience warns*

him against

Wrath,

who makes  
 friends foes.

- Q**uod enuie þanne, "y wole þee leere  
 To make þi lord to þee tame;  
 Be homeli, & rowne in his eere,  
 164 And bringe trewe folk in fals fame.  
 Make him þi suget, to þee to swere  
 þat' he schal not' discure þi name;  
 So make him fals witnessse to bere,  
 168 And gete þee richesse wiþ god-is grame."

*Envy counsels*  
 man to whisper  
 evil reports of

true men under a  
 promise of  
 secrecy.

- P**anne up roos a souereyn uertu  
 þat' is clepid Charite:  
 "Loke þou not' hise maners sue,  
 172 For god-is enemy soþeli is he.  
 Do þou to euery man þat' is due  
 As þou woldist' he dide to þee."  
 Quod Coueitise "and alle folk were trewe,  
 176 Manye a man schulde neuere þee.

*Charity says,*

Envy is God's  
 enemy.

[Page 128.]  
 "Do to others as  
 you would they'd  
 do to you."  
*Covetousness*  
 advises man to

- C**aste þee faste to Coueitise,  
 Make sotil þi wittis, & forge wilis,  
 And preue þat' trewe men be nyce,  
 180 For so þe fals þe trewe bigilis;

scheme and cheat,

and so grow rich.      Such ben worschipid & holden wise,  
    þei purchasen hem townes, maners, & pilis,  
 And truþe wolde wite where þi lordschip lijs;  
 184      Make heggis bi-twepe þou, and no stilis."

*Bounty in Alma-  
 deads says, Give  
 to the poor,*

and at the  
 Judgment

you'll go to bliss.

*Gluttony says,  
 Love your belly,*

eat and drink;  
 fornicate, and  
 never fast.

[Page 129.]

*Moderation says,  
 Gluttony makes*

men beasts, and

drunkenness  
 blinds their souls.

*Sloth says, Never  
 go to church,*

don't mind good  
 advice,

**Q**uod largenes in almesse dede,  
    "Coueitise counsellip þee amys.  
 3eue to þe pore, & þou schalt spede  
 188      þe bettir, þe gospel seiþ þis;  
 For at þe doome þere þou schalt drede,  
    Crist wole reherse of þee y-wys  
 þe werkis of merci, as clerkis reede:  
 192      If þou hast doon hem, þou goost to blis."

**"M**an, loue þi wombe," quod Gloteny,  
    "Leie mete upon meete, & ete faste;  
 But leue not þi crummes drye,  
 196      Drinke þou til þe ful flood be paste.  
 Leue clenness, & use harlotrie,  
    But neuere a day loke þou ne faste;  
 In þi wombe make þi tresorie,  
 200      Of þeeuis þanne þou schalt not be agast."

**Q**uod Measure, "man! haue me in mynde.  
    God made man suget to resoun:  
 Wat turneþ a man to beestis kinde  
 204      But etynge & drynking out of sesoun?  
 Drunkelew folk ben goostli blinde;  
    For faute of witt her lijf is gesoun;  
 In ydil oopis wasten þei her wynde:  
 208      To repreue suche, god fyndip enchesoun."

**Q**uod Slouþe, "bisynesse y þee forbede;  
    To chirche neiþer goo ne renne;  
 Who techip þee good, take noon hede,  
 212      Azens oo worde 3eue him ten:

- Seie 'alle folk ben not sotil in dede;'  
 Excuse þee so bi oþer men,  
 And ȝeue hem myche maugre to mede  
 216 þat ony good þee wolde kenne."
- Q**uod Besinesse, "man! of Slouþe be waare;  
 He is assigned to helle for synne;  
 In good lyuyng þi wittis ware,  
 220 To drede god þou muste bigynne;  
 þi fleischeli lustis þou muste spare,  
 For viciis and vertues wole voide atwynne;  
 In businessis hous is good weelfare,  
 224 And Slouþe haþ hunger and cloþis pinne."
- Q**uod lecherie to man, "loue þanne weel me,  
 þi lustis with wommen þou fulfille,  
 For if þou in ȝouþe sparist þanne þee,  
 228 þou maist falle in greet perille.  
 ȝouþe ful of corage wole be;  
 þou muste haue helpe, or ellis spille;  
 Spare no womman, y councele þe,  
 232 þou; summe cryen neuere so schille."
- Q**uod Chastite to man, "loo,  
 Herken how lecherie dooþ speke!  
 Whanne þou þi foule luste hast doo,  
 236 Bi waare him þanne! he wole þee prete,  
 And seie 'for þou hast so doo  
 þou must suffre peynes greeþe;'  
 And but if god help þee þo,  
 240 Soone in wanhope he wole þee lete."
- Q**uod þe good aungil, "ȝit þee averse;  
 Lerne witte while þou art heere;  
 He is a foole þat may be wise,  
 244 In heuene comþ no foolis to ȝeere,

excuse yourself  
by others'  
example.

*Business warns  
man against  
Sloth.*

Fear God, and  
deny your lusts.

[Page 130.]

*Business brings  
welfare.*

*Lechery says:  
Satisfy your lust  
with women;*

youth will be gay.

Spare no woman.

*Chastity warns  
man that Lust  
when gratified  
will threaten him  
with*

torments, and  
he'll fall into  
despair.

*The Good Angel  
tells man to  
consider,*

and not be a fool,

[Page 131.]



as God refuses  
reckless fools.

God doop richelees foolis refuse  
þat kunnen no good, ne noon wole lere ;  
If wordis excuse, werkis accuse,  
248 þat makip hem worse þan þei were."

At thirty years  
old, man boasts  
of his powers.

"IN pritti 3eer now y abide ;  
In discrecioun I haue in-si3t,  
Loueli to goo, and to ride,  
252 Ful of manhode & of my3t."

Conscience re-  
proves him for  
his vices,

Quod Conscience, "vertues þou puttist' aside,  
And norischist' vicis day & ny3t."  
Quod man in scorn, "lo, Conscience doop chide !  
256 For losse of catel he dar not fi3t."

and shows him  
the cost of Pride

(as against  
Meekness),

of Lechery,

Gluttony,

"**M**an, kepe þi richesse," quod Conscience,  
"To maynteine pride, it' costip greeete ;  
It' costip nou3t, meekenesse ne pacience,  
260 But' it' axip greet' coost' to chide & to beete.  
Leccherie axip greet' dispense,  
It' distroieþ mammis kindeli heete ;  
And glotenie coostip wipouten diffence  
264 Boþe in diuerse drinkis and meete.

Envy,

[Page 132.]

Sloth,

Covetousness,  
and Avarice.

"**I**T costip greet' to use a synne  
þat' is clepid foule Enuye,  
For it' fretip man with-inne ;  
268 Bodi & soule it' doop distroie.  
Sloupis þrifte, it' is ful þinne,  
It' costip myche in sloupe to lie ;  
And Coueitise al þe world wolde wyne,  
272 And Auarise aftir more doith erie."

Man justifies  
himself.  
Youth must do  
folly, or Age  
would have no  
wisdom.

**Q**uod man to Conscience, "3oupe axip delice ;  
For 3oupe þe course of kinde wole holde ;  
But' 3oupe were a foole and nyce,  
276 How schulde wijsdom be founde in oolde.

þe corage of ȝouþe, and oolde wise,  
 Makip ȝonge men to be boolde;  
 In witt of oolde, worschipe lijs;  
 280 In þe witte of wise, kingdom is holde.

“**P**ou wastist þi wynde & spillist þi speche,  
 þi wordis me is loof to heere;  
 And y dide as þou doist me teche,  
 284 I schulde neuere make myrie chere.

[**W**enest þou with þin hond heuene to reche?  
 þin arme wole not be so longe to ȝeere;  
 Now, good Conscience, & þou wolt preche,  
 288 Goo stele an abite, & bicom a frere.”

‘I hate to hear  
 you, Conscience,  
 trying to stop my  
 merry-making.

If you *will* preach,  
 steal a cowl and  
 be a friar.

**Q**uod man, “y pleie, y wrastile, y sprynge,  
 þese ioies wolen neuere wende me fro;  
 Now alle gamys hom y brynge;  
 292 What such as y am, þer ben no moo:  
 I leepe, y daunce, y skippe, y synge,  
 I am so myrie y can not seie hoo.”  
 Quod Conscience, “þou schalt weepe & wringe  
 296 Whanne þei take her leue to goo.”

[Page 133.]  
 I play and wrestle,

dance and sing,  
 and never cry  
 Halt!’  
*Conscience.*  
 ‘You’ll weep  
 when that’s  
 over.’

“**M**yn ȝen ben cleere & brizt as glas,  
 Mi lire as lillye and roose of hewe,  
 Of schappe & strengþe alle folke y passe,  
 300 And euere my uertu wexip newe.”  
 Quod Conscience, “y loue þee weel þe lasse,  
 þou usist ne werkis of good vertu.”  
 “Goo, Conscience, þou lewde asse,  
 304 I kepe not þi maneris to sue.”

*Man.*  
 ‘My eyes are  
 bright,  
 and I’m stronger  
 than any other  
 man.’

*Conscience.*  
 ‘You do no good  
 works.’  
*Man.*  
 ‘Conscience,  
 you’re an ignorant  
 ass.’

**Q**uod man, “Myne age is fourti ȝeere.”  
 Quod þe world, “y offre to þee my weele.”  
 Quod strengþe, “late no man be þi peere.”  
 308 Quod corage, “late no man with þee deele.”

At *forty* years  
 old, man is ad-  
 visd by the  
 World,  
 Strength,  
 Courage,

[Page 134.]

Lust,  
Health,

Conscience,

Quod luste and liking, "make good cheere."

"I am al hool wiþ þee," quod heele.

Quod Conscience, "wistist þou what þese were ?

312 At nede wole faile þi fleische so freele."

**Q**uod Conscience to man in zoupe,

"Traueile in troupe in tyme is beste."

and Truth.  
Get riches in  
youth that shall  
do for age.

Quod troupe, "gete þee richesse noupe

316 Wherwiþ in oolde to haue þi reste ;

þouȝ age can as he cowthe,

Myȝt &amp; corage he haþ looste,

He kepith his soule þat kepith his moupe,

320 For þe soule to þe fleisch is but a goost."

At fifty years old,

"N<sup>O</sup>w am I fifti ȝeere y-wis,

Myn heer bigynneþ to change his hewe."

Conscience tells  
man to do good  
works.

Quod Conscience, "flee from alle vice,

324 And use werkis of good vertu,

Late not þi werkis preue þee nyce,

Loke þat þou euere be founden trewe."

He prefers  
covetousness.

"Fare weel Conscience, weelcume Coueitise !

328 To be richee now y wole pursue."

[Page 135.]  
Conscience dis-  
suades him ;Overhope makes  
him sin ;

Despair helps too.

**Q**uod Conscience, "þat is idil bisynesse,

Nedeles richesse to gadre soo ;

Overhope is þe cause y-wisse,

332 He weneþ ameende al er he goo."

Wanhope seiþ, "kepe weel þis,

For þe world wole faile us two."

Quod Conscience, "chaunge not heuen blis

336 For helle peyne, sorowe, and woo."

At sixty years  
old, man  
laments his evil  
doings."I<sup>N</sup> sixti ȝeere myn age is piȝte,

Myn iȝen daswen, myn heer is hoore ;

In my werkis y haue febil in-siȝte,

340 I fynde no vertu in my stoor.

How schal y reckene with god almyȝt?

I am aschamed wondir soore."

Quod Conscience, "certis it were riȝt

344 To be holi now or neuere moore."

How shall he  
reckon with God?

'Be holy now or  
never.'

**Q**uod ȝouth to age, "what doist þou nowþe?

Hange up þin hachet & take þi reste;

þe sunne is past fer bi þe sowthe,

348 And hiȝeth swiþe in to þe weste."

Quod man, "y serued þee in ȝougþe

And al þe tyme myne eruest leste,

Wip sorowe of herte & schrifte of mouþe

352 To god ȝit haue y kepte þe beste."

Youth taunts the  
old man:

he is past and  
gone.

[Page 186.]  
The old man

repents and will  
serve God.

**A**ge, calle aȝen ȝistirday to-morne;<sup>1</sup>

And alle þi werkis, bigynne hem newe."

Quod man, "þouȝ þou speke in scorne,

356 þou techist me good þat y neuere knewe;

I wole biþinke me on my werkis biforn,

Do almes dede, praie, & rewe,

And goddis mercy schal ynne my corn,

360 And fede me wip þat þat y neuere sewe.

[1 MS. to-morowe]  
Youth mocks him  
again.

The old man  
learns from the  
scorn,

will pray and  
sorrow, and God  
will ~~in~~ his corn.

**I**N ȝougþe whanne y was wilde & stronge,

þe fals world fair dide me wowe,

Me þouȝt ech worde a myrie songe,

364 Wip pipis, and dauncis, & mirpis y-nowe.

Now seiþ he, he loued me to longe,

For myn heer bigynneþ to blowe;

To þi mercy, lord, me vndirfonge,

368 þe tyde is ebbid, & no more wole flowe."

'When young,  
the false world  
wooed me,

but in his age has  
left me.

Have mercy on  
me, Lord.

**P**e candel of lijf þi soule dide tende:

To liȝte þee hom," resoun dide saye.

"Miche of my candel in waaste y spende,

372 Manye wickid windis haþ wastid it away;

[Page 137.]  
My candle of life  
I let winds of  
wickedness waste;



I can scarcely  
hold its end.

Vnneþe y holde my candelis eende,  
It is past euensonge of my day;  
To reepe myn heruest, whidir mai y winde?  
376 Mi londis of vertues ligen al lay.

I lived in the  
Devil's service,  
with late suppers  
and late rising.

Now the wise  
reprove me,

and former  
friends hate me.

“¶ Whanne ȝouþe was maistir, y was page,  
We lyueden myche in þe feendis service,  
Wiþ rere souperis and wickid outrage,  
380 Ligge longe in bed, loope to arise.  
Now haue y nouȝt but wiſschis to wage,  
And myche reproof amonge þe wiſe;  
þei þat loueden me in ȝouþe, hatiden me in age,  
384 And vnkindeli me diden dispice.

I wonder why the  
world was made.

I have no rest,

[Page 138.]

and see nothing  
but battle and  
dread.

“**N**OW haue y greet meruaile  
þe world to man whi it was wrouȝte;  
Fele temptaciouns now me assaile,  
388 I haue no reste for chaunge of þouȝte.  
Whanne y schulde reste y haue greet merueile;  
In bed to sleepe whanne y am brouȝte,  
I se but drede and greet bataile  
392 Al mannys liſe, and it be ſouȝte.

The world has  
forsaken me;

my sins accuse  
me;

fiends threaten  
me;

Death shakes his  
spear at me.

“**T**HUS þe fals world haþ forsaken me;  
For waste of hiſe goodis he accusiþ me;  
þe synnes þat y loued, now haten me,  
396 To Conſcience þei adwiten me;  
Feendis þreten faſte to take me,  
And ſteren helle houndis to bite me;  
Deeþ seiþ, my breed he haþ baken me;  
400 Now ſchakeþ he hiſ ſpere to ſmite me.

I am like a stag  
at bay.

“**P**US y am huntid as an herte to a-bay,  
I not whidir y may me turne,  
Myne enemyes myȝtli me assay,  
404 I waxe feble and vnourne;

To flee to god is my beste way,  
 here schal y in no poynt spurne ;  
 Lord ! now socour me þat' beste may,  
 408 In þin herte blood, þat' holi bourne."

I will flee to God.

Lord, help me !'

**Q**uod zouþe to age, "y þee forsake,  
 þi frendis deien, þi strengþe doop faile,  
 þi sizte and heeryng' bigynneþ to slake,  
 412 þee neediþ helpe and good counsaile ;  
 God-is seruauantis in areest' hap þee take  
 Til deef on þee haue doon bataile ;  
 þi rekenyng' bi tyme bisili þou make,  
 416 Or þe deuel bringe þe countirtaile."

[Page 139.]  
 Youth taunts Age  
 with his failing  
 strength,

and Death's ad-  
 vance on him.  
 He must make up  
 his accounts  
 quickly.

"**P**ouþ deef be eende of worldlis woo,  
 þanne deef is euere mannys freende ;  
 thouþ soulis in helle be ponischid soo,  
 420 Deef comeþ not' þere to make noon eende ;  
 Deef makip soulis to heuen to goo,  
 But' in to heuen deef may not' wende,  
 For deef is flemyd heuene froo,  
 424 Deef is sugett' to god to bende.

To some Death  
 here is a friend,

but not to any in  
 hell.

It sends some to  
 heaven, and there  
 troubles them not.

"**N**ow y am sixti ȝeere and ten,  
 ȝonge folke Y fynde my foo,  
 Where euere þei pleie, leepe, or renne,  
 428 þei pinken in her weie Y goo ;  
 And whanne y mete with olde men,  
 I pleyne ' þis world is chaungid soo ;'  
 Noon oþer bote is but' seelde when  
 432 Ech man tellip oþir his woo."

At *seventy* years  
 old, the man feels  
 in the way of  
 young folk ;

[Page 140.]  
 his only comfort  
 is in complaints,  
 and telling other  
 old men his  
 troubles.

**Q**uod zouþe to age, "y þee a-peelee  
 And þat' bifore oure god y-wis ;  
 I lente þee strengþe, bewte, & heele,—  
 436 þese percellis ben of heuen blis,—

Youth accuses  
 him of

wasting his  
 strength

and wealth

Corage, liztnesse, freendis, &amp; weele ;

Alle þese þou hast' wastide amys

in folly,

From wijsdom in-to folies feele :

440 God wole haue rekenyngt of al þis.

his sight in vain-  
glory, his mouth  
in oaths and  
gluttony.“**P**ine heerynge and þin iȝe siȝte

þat' þou hast' wastide in veynglory ;

þi mouȝe to wronge aȝen riȝte,

444 In fals oopis and foule gloteny ;

his hands in  
robbery,

þin hondis to robbe and to fiȝte ;

þi strengþe þou wastidist in tyraunty ;

þi feet' in derknesse oute of liȝte,

his beauty in  
lechery.

448 þi bewte þou wastidist in lechery.”

[Page 141.]  
The old man con-  
fesses his short-  
comings,**Q**uod man, “ y was gouerned Bitwene two þeuis,

þei stale on me : Y was stalworþe &amp; white ;

Whanne my leepis weren brouȝt' to preuis,

452 I wondre on my silf Y was so liȝte.

regrets his loss

ȝougþe staale from me ; þat' soore me greuis ;

Age steeleþ on me boȝe day and nyȝte ;

of youth and  
power,

Mi ȝougþe, my vertu, al from me meuis ;

456 Now wondre y on my silf where is my myȝte.

and complains  
how youth, with  
all its glory, has  
stolen from him,

“ ¶ ȝougþe staale from me, Y was stalworþe &amp; liȝte ;

And age steeleþ on me Filpis to weelde ;

ȝougþe steeliþ from me, Y ȝeede up riȝte ;

460 Age steeleþ on me, Y bowe and ȝeelde ;

and age, with all  
its defects, has  
stolen upon him.

ȝougþe haþ stolen from me My leepis liȝte ;

Age steeliþ on me, Y wexe on-mylde ;

ȝougþe steeleþ my corage To pleie &amp; fiȝte,

464 Age is so on me stoolen þat' y mote to god  
me ȝilde.At eighty years  
old“**N**ow y am euene of ȝeeris fore scoure,

So manye wyntir Y am oolde ;

þere y was wonte To leepe bfore,

468 Fer aboute now My wei y hoolde :

- My backe bowip, myn izen ben soore,  
 Myn hoothe blood is kelid coolde :  
 Alas ! Conscience ! to lital y toke pi loore,  
 472 þe talis þat þou hast ofte me toolde.”
- Q**uod Conscience, “where haddist þou þat  
 speche ?  
 þi lizte leepis foonde to preue ;  
 þe put of þe stoon þou maist not reche,  
 476 To lital myzte is in þi sleue.  
 In yougþe whanne y dide þee teche,  
 Foule þou me þanne dedist repreue ;  
 I þanke god of þi good leech.”  
 480 “þhe, Conscience, now to þi wordis y leue.”
- “**N**ow foure score ȝeeris is past,  
 Mi lijf is but traueil & woo,  
 Fer in to rereage y am cast,  
 484 Into ten ȝeer and moo.  
 My lymes foulden þat weren fast,  
 Wip staffe in honde now y goo ;  
 My redy speche may not last,  
 488 So my teep ben fallen me fro.
- “**F**ul of fleissche Y was to fele,  
 Now may I neiþer stonde ne goon ;  
 It hap now lefte me euery dele,  
 492 Me is lefte But skyn & boon.  
 Now y am vndre Fortunes whele,  
 My frendis forsaken me Euerychoon,  
 And alle þe synnes Y loued so weel,  
 496 Now wote y weel þei been my foon.”
- Q**uod course of kinde, “What helpip, y wende,  
 þi wissching And þin haddē-y-wist ?  
 What maist þou On þo wordis spende,  
 500 It is ful febil In þi fist.
- [Page 142.]  
 his back is bent,  
 his hot blood  
 cold.  
 Ah, Conscience !  
 I did not listen  
 to you.
- Conscience  
 wonders at the  
 man's repentance,
- but thanks God  
 for it.
- At ninety years  
 old man's life is  
 but woe,
- he walks with a  
 staff,
- his teeth fall out,
- [Page 143.]  
 his flesh is gone,
- he is but skin and  
 bone,
- forsaken by his  
 friends,
- and his sins his  
 foes.
- Course of Nature  
 asks the good of  
 his vain regrets.

All men expect  
his death, and  
none will regret  
him; he cumbers  
all.

Now alle men waiten aftir pin eende; \*  
þouȝ þou deye, þou schalt not be myste;  
þou combrest hope foo & frende,  
504 þi mylle haþ grounde þi laste griste."

These mortal  
sins must quit the  
aged:

Pride,

Lechery,

[Page 144.]

Gluttony.

Þre deedli synnes maden her moone,  
"We forsaken man in age."  
Quod Pride, "y am from him goon,  
508 For Pride in age Doiþ disperage."  
Quod leccherie, "He loueþ to lie a-loone;  
þouȝ he wolde do, him wantiþ corage."  
Quod Glotenie, "he is but felle & boone,  
512 He loueþ more mesure þan outrage."

Two think him  
no good,  
Envy and  
Wrath.

Two claim him,  
Sloth and  
Covetousness.

Quod Envie, "age hath no myȝte  
Ne riches, lenger me to fynde."  
Quod wrapþe, "age may not fiȝte  
516 þouȝ he be angri, bi course of kynde."  
Quod Slouþe, "age my chaumbre haþ diȝte,  
And calleþ me ease in his mynde."  
Quod Coueitise, "age haþ me hiȝte;  
520 Suget to me he dooþ him binde."

Overhope, or vain  
Confidence that  
they will ever do  
well, is the cause  
of men's waste  
and sin.

Then comes  
Sickness,  
Then Wanhope or  
Despair,

[Page 145.]  
and bids them  
hoard.

Overhope still  
lures them on;

"I knowe," quod ouerhope, "fleissch is freele,  
Of oolde and ȝonge, of man, of childe;  
In ouerhope þei wasten her weele,  
524 And in diuerse werkis ful wyld;  
þei ouerhope euere to lyue in heele,  
From age & sijknesse þei wenep hem schilde,  
þanne comeþ sijknesse, & printiþ his seele."  
Quod wanhope "þan y make him mylde;  
528  
"I bidde him horde, and riches saue,  
For wanhope after mischife doiþ waite,  
Whanne sijknesse comeþ men to craue,"  
532 Quod ouerhope, "þan y flatir, & sumtyme flaite,



- 'pou schalt lyue, and þi silf it' haue.' "
- "Ȝhe," seiþ wanhope, "kepe it' straite,  
Of good hope no counsell þou craue  
536 Til deep þee caste *with* a trippe of dissaite."
- Q**uod wanhope, "a gospel y radde :  
To telle it' þee y wole bigynne,  
'If a man in synne be sadde  
540 Ech day newe, and lieþ þer-inne,  
Of such a man god is moore gladde  
þan of a childe þat' neuere dide synne.' "
- Quod Conscience, "he wolde make þe madde  
544 To repente þee not, ne neuere blynne."
- Q**uod Conscience to wanhope, "I-wys  
þou liest, y hate þe þerfore ;  
I knowe þe gospel, it' seiþ þis,  
548 'If a man haue synned longe bfore,  
And axe mercy *And* a-mende his mys,  
Repente, and wilne to synne no more,  
Of þat' man god gladder is  
552 þan of a child synlees y-bore.' "
- Q**uod wanhope, "a gospel y radde ;<sup>1</sup>  
What' it' menep y can expownde,  
Ech man schal haue peine or meede,  
556 In þouȝte or dede as he is founde ;  
He hap not ȝit' repentid his dede,  
He sizkeþ for synnes ben not vnbounde ;  
þouȝ mercy come, he schal not spede,  
560 For in daunger of wanhope he is bounde."
- Q**uod Conscience, "þou dotid hoore !  
God-is mercy þou woldist' distroie ;  
þou wenest' þi wickidnesse were moore  
564 þan god-is goodnesse & his mercie.
- Despair* mocks them,
- and tells them the Gospel ; if they
- will plunge daily into sin, God will be more pleas'd than if they never sinn'd.
- Conscience*
- reproves Despair,
- and repeats the true Gospel, that of a repentant
- sinner God is gladder than of [Page 146.] one who never sinn'd.
- [<sup>1</sup> ? redde : 537]  
*Despair* urges the Gospel that men suffer as they
- are found, and as the old man has not yet repented,
- he cannot get mercy.
- Conscience says, 'Doted whore,
- God's mercy

- is enough for  
a thousand  
worlds if they  
ask it." 568 For if a man be woundid soore,  
And axe no medicine, him liste te deie ;  
God hap mercies y-now in stoore  
For a housand worldis þat' mercie wole crie."
- The *Old Man*  
calls on the  
Virtues to  
befriend  
him in his need. 572 " **M**Ekenes, Pacience, and Charitee,  
3e þat' weren my frendis dere,  
Measure, Bisnesse, and Chastitee,  
At' þis mystire comeþ me neere."  
Quod Conscience, " þou flemed us from þee ;  
þou woldist' not' oure loore leere."  
Quod richelees, " loo, heere my meynee !  
576 þe synnes þat' þou louedist' & seruedist, lo  
hem here !"
- [Page 147.]  
Recklessness  
offers instead, the  
crew of Sins that  
he lovd.  
At a *hundred*  
years old man  
carries his bier  
on his back, all  
his friends wish  
him dead. 580 " **M**yne age is now an hundrid 3eere ;  
Litol y drinke, and lesse y ete,  
On my backe I bere my beere,  
And alle my frendis me forȝete,  
Fayn þei wolde þat' y deed were,  
Wiþ sorewful wordis þei doon me þretee,  
And seyn, ' for y am so longe heere,  
584 Whanne y come hoome y schal be beete.'
- He may stretch  
out his neck for  
Death's sword ;  
he is full of sin ;  
he must go to  
wreck  
unless God have  
mercy. 588 **N**ow mote y leie forþ my necke,  
For deep his swerd out' hap lauȝte ;  
But I deliuere weel þis checke,  
I leese my game at' þis drauȝte.  
Ful of synne is my secke ;  
To þe preest' y wole schewe þat' frauȝte,  
Mi schip is chargid, al goop to wrecke  
592 But' if god of merci be wiþ me sauȝte.
- The World re-  
proves him,  
Overhope and  
Despair tempt  
him, 596 **T**his worlde hap me in awaite,  
And biddiþ me quite þat' is past ;  
My fleissche in ouerhope wolde me faite,  
And into wanhope it' wolde me caste.

Helle houndis berken and baite,  
 þe feendis writiþ my synnes faste,  
 And deef me waitiþ *with* a trippe of dissaite;  
 600 These sixe maken me soore agaste."

[Page 148.]  
 Hell-hounds bark  
 for him, the Fiends  
 and Death watch  
 for him.

Þanne comeþ forþ good hope:  
 To saue man he wolde fonde;  
 "þou wronge weuere ouerhope!  
 604 I make him free, þou woldist make him bonde;  
 I schal conclude þee, þou wanhope,  
 Wile good feiþ wole *with* me stoonde;  
 Hooli writte seiþ, 'in god y hoope,  
 608 His merci is ouer þe werkis of his honde.'"

But *Good Hope*  
 will save the old  
 man,

if *Good Faith* will  
 help.

Quod good feiþ, "for þe litil while  
 þat now heere [þou] hast serued me,  
 I wole þee kepe from al perile,  
 612 And make pees bitwene god & þee;  
 And ouerhope, for al his gile,  
 From þin herte y schal do him flee;  
 And wanhope also y wole exile,  
 616 For he is not of *oure fraternitee*."

Good Faith will

make his peace  
 with God,

and drive out  
 Overhope and

Despair.

Quod þe worlde, "Y wole hise dettis quyte,  
 And oute of his daunger me hyȝe;  
 þouȝ my fleissche berke, he schal not bitee,  
 620 From his lustis y wole him tye;  
 I wole waissche a<sup>1</sup>Wey þat feendis write  
 With sorowe of herte and teer of yȝe,  
 But *with* deef y wole not dispuite,  
 624 But make me cleene, and leerne to deie.

Man says he will

give up his fleshy

[<sup>1</sup> Page 149.]

lusts, will sorrow  
 and weep,

and learn to die.

God! sowe þi merci amonge my seede,  
 þanne schal it growe þouȝ y sowe late,  
 And Repentaunce my corne schal weede,  
 628 And make good pees þere was hate.

May God sow  
 His mercy in  
 him,  
 and Repentance  
 will weed his  
 corn.



Then the works  
of Mercy will let  
him in at heaven's  
gate.

þe comaundementis þat god bede,  
þat is þe locke of heuen ȝate;  
Seuene werkis of mercy, and þe crede,  
632 þese keies schullen late me in þerate."

Reader, you have  
heard of Youth  
and Age, Virtue  
and Vice, Good  
Angel and Bad.

**N**ow haue ȝe herde of ȝoughis delice;  
And age in kynde, sijke, & woo;  
Knowinge of uertu & of vice;  
636 Good aungil, & wickid freende, & foo;  
And vndirstondinge to be wijs.

Look in this  
Mirror; take  
your choice, for  
Heaven or Hell.

Now in þis mirrour loke ȝou soo;  
In ȝoure free wille þe choice lijs,  
640 To heuen or helle whiþir ȝe wille goo.

The world, the  
flesh, and the  
devil tempt us.

**T**he worlde, þe fleissche, & þe feende,  
In temptacioun doiþ us chase;  
Bid repentaunce to merci beende,  
644 And waissche us at þe welle of grace.  
Praie we to god graunte us good eende,  
And in heuen to haue a place,  
þat after oure deep we mowen þidir wende,  
648 And in perfizt loue se his fair face.

[Page 150.]  
Let us pray to  
God

that after death  
we may see His  
fair face.

Dear friends, who  
read this, pray  
for the Writer's  
soul to Mary,  
Mother,

**N**ow, leeue freendis, greete and smale,  
þat haue herde þis trete,  
Praie for þe soule þat wroot þis tale  
652 A Pater noster, & an aue  
To marie modir, maiden free,  
As sche bare a childe Coumforte to us,  
On þat soule haue pitee  
656 If þe wille be of crist ihesus. **amen.**

to pity it if  
Christ will.  
Amen.

[*Stans Puer*, printed in *Babees Boke*, &c., p. 27 follows here.]

# God send us Paciens in oure Golde Age !

[Pages 113—17, written without breaks. Rymes  
abababab, bcbcb.]

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p><b>F</b>rom þe tyme þat we were bore<sup>1</sup><br/>         oure zouþe passip from day to day,<br/>         And age encreesip moore &amp; moore,<br/>         4 &amp; so doip it now, þe sothe to say :<br/>         At euery hour a poynt is y-loore,<br/>         So fast goop oure zouþe away,<br/>         And zouþe wole come azen no moore,<br/>         8 But age wole make us boþe blak &amp; gray.<br/>         þerfore take hede boþe nyzt &amp; day<br/>         How fast zoure zouþe doop asswage ;<br/>         And boþe zonge &amp; oolde, lete us praie<br/>         12 þat god send us paciens in oure oolde age.</p> | <p>[<sup>1</sup> MS. born]<br/>         Our youth passes<br/>         away from day<br/>         to day,<br/> <br/>         and will come back<br/>         no more.<br/> <br/>         Take heed, then,<br/> <br/>         and pray God for<br/>         patience in old<br/>         age.</p> |
| <p>¶ Age wole take from us oure myzt<br/>         þat in oure zouþe to us was lent ;<br/>         And also þe cleernesse of oure syght<br/>         16 And oure heerynge schal be faynt.<br/>         þanne schulen we be heuy þat eer were lizt,<br/>         Bicause þat zouþe is from us went,<br/>         And þanne wole men do us no rizt,<br/>         20 But al contrarie to oure entent,<br/>         And sikeness wole do us greet turment<br/>         Whom deef wole sende on his message ;<br/>         Forsoþe þe best ameendement<br/>         24 is þanne pacience in oure olde age.</p>                                   | <p>Age will take from<br/>         us<br/>         our clear sight,<br/>         hearing,<br/>         and lightness.<br/> <br/>         Sickness will<br/>         torment us.<br/> <br/>         [Page 114.]</p>  |

Our bones will  
ache,

our head shake,

our nose turn  
black,

our tongue lose  
its fair speech.

Our friends will  
hate us ;

we shall say, 'Oh,  
if I had but  
known ;'

no kiss will  
greet us

and no joy  
gladden us.  
[1 Page 115.]

God send us  
patience in our  
old age !

Some will scorn  
us, others think  
we live too long ;

our stomachs will  
take no food ;

we shall sing of  
sorrow and care.

Oure body wole icche, oure bonis wole ake,  
oure owne fleisch wole ben oure foo ;  
Oure heed, oure hondis, þo wolen schake,  
28 And oure leggis wole tremble where we go ;  
Oure bonis wole drie as doop a stake,  
And in oure bodi we schulen be woo,  
Oure nose, oure chekis, wolen wexo al blake,  
32 & oure glad chere wole fade us fro ;  
And whanne oure teef ben goon also,  
Oure tunge schal lese his fair langage :  
Praie we for us silf & oper moo  
36 þat god sende us paciens in oure olde age !

Oure freendis þat schulden loue us best,  
þanne wole þei haue us but in hate,  
In freendschip is þer noon oper trust,  
40 & þerof be we waare to late.  
þan may we synge of had y wist,  
Oure feynt freendis han us forsake,  
And also we schulen go vnkist  
44 boþe at þe dore & at þe gate ;  
And for al þe cheer þat we can make,  
þan is <sup>1</sup>no ioie of oure visage :  
Whanne oure bewte schal aslake,  
48 god send us paciens in oure olde age !

¶ we schulen be so angri euermore,  
we wolden ben awreke of euery wrong,  
þanne summe wolen scorne us þefore,  
52 & summe wole seie we lyue to long ;  
Oure sorowe wole þan sitte us so soore  
Oure stomak wole no mete fonge ;  
& eueri day more & more  
56 Of sorewe & care schal be oure song.  
whanne we were boþe hool & strong  
we were to wie[l]de, & wold out rage,

*And perfore lete us praie amongt*  
60 *pat' god send us paciens in oure olde age.*

Let us pray  
God to send us  
Patience in our  
old age.

¶ For þan wole no þing' us availe  
but' oure bedis and oure crucche,  
for wordli welþe wole fade & faile,  
64 And perfore truste we it' not' to myche;

Nought but  
prayers and a  
crutch will then  
avail us,

& þan wole sijknēs us assaile  
Til it' haþ made us lijk a wrecche,  
& þan may we do no greet' traueille

for sickness will  
assault us,

68 But' <sup>1</sup>summtyme grone, & sumtyme grucche,  
And sumtyme clawe for scabbe & icche  
Whazne age haþ us at' his auantage:  
Who-so lyueþ long' schal be such;

[<sup>1</sup> Page 116.]  
and we shall  
groan and get the  
itch.

72 God sende us paciens in oure olde age!

May God send us  
Patience then!

¶ Al þat' we haue lyued heere,  
It' is but' as a dreem y-met',  
For now it' is as it' neuere were,  
76 And so is it' þat' is comyng' ȝit'.  
Ful fast' we drawen to oure beere,  
In sorewe & drede we schulen be sett'.

Our time on earth  
is but a dream;

Of oolde men þe ȝonge may lere,  
80 And fewe þer ben þat' doon þe bett';  
For þe feend haþ cauȝt' hem in his nett',  
And holdip hem fast' in bondage  
For þei schulden not' dispose her witt'  
84 To haue pacience in her oolde age.

we draw towards  
our death.

Let the young  
learn from the  
old, for the devil  
keeps them

from having  
Patience in their  
old age.

¶ þanne schulen we se þat' worldli blis  
Is but' a þing' of vanite,  
And it' makip men to do amys  
88 þat' ben in weelþe & greet bewte;  
And perfor, lord, good riȝt' it' is  
With oure owne staf chastisid to be:

Then worldly  
bliss will seem  
vain.

Lord! ȝeue us grace to þinke on þis,  
92 As þou bouȝt' us alle upon a tree,

It is right that we  
be chastised with  
our own staff.

[Page 117.]  
Christ, let us  
think on this;

and pass over  
death to ever-  
lasting bliss.

*And þat we may in charite*

*Weel passe ouer þis passage*

*In-to þe blis þat euere schal be,*

96      *Whanne we ben passid oure oolde age.*

[“Bothe ȝonge & oolde,” or “Se what oure lord suffride for  
oure sake,” printed above, pp. 32-4, follows here.]

# This World is but a Vanyte.

AN OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 58;  
*written without breaks.*]

- AS** Y GAN wandre in my walkinge  
 Bisidis an holt vndir an hille,  
 Y say an oolde man sitte wepinge :  
 4 With sizyngre sore he seide me tille,  
 ¶ “ Sumtime y hadde þe world at wille,  
 With richesse & with rialte,  
 And now it is turned al to ille ;  
 8 þe worlde is but a vanyte.
- M**y silf I likne vnto þe morewe :  
 Whanne y was child, & bor[e]n bare,  
 Mi modir for me suffride sorewe  
 12 With gruntynge gril & sizinge sare ;  
 ¶ On me was nieþer wem ne hore ;  
 But siþen in synne y haue be ;  
 Now y am oolde y wepe þefore ;  
 16 þis world is but a vanyte.
- A**t mydmore y lerned to go,  
 And plaied as children doon in <sup>1</sup>strete ;  
 þe kinde of childhode y dide also,  
 20 Wiþ my felawis to fiȝte and þrete.  
 ¶ Al þat y dide, it þouȝte me swete,  
 For al þis childhode tauȝte me ;  
 Now y am oolde, þefore y wepe ;  
 24 þis worlde is but a vanite.

In my walk

I saw an old man  
 sighing, and he  
 said, “ Once I  
 had all the world  
 at my will, but  
 now it's all  
 turned to ill.

I am like the  
 Morning. At my  
 birth my Mother  
 groaned with pain.

I was spotless,  
 but now am  
 sinful.

At Mid-morn I  
 playd,  
 [1 Page 59.]

and like a boy  
 fought.

All I did, seemd  
 sweet: but now I  
 weep for it.

This world is but  
 vanity.

At Undern  
(9 A.M.) I was  
put to school,  
  
and curst my  
master when he  
beat me.

I car'd only for  
joy and jollity,

alas!

At Mid-day I was  
knighted,

and none durst  
stand my charge.

Where is now my  
bravery? Not to  
be hidden from  
death.

At High Noon I  
was crown'd King,  
and fulfill'd all my  
lusts.

[1 Page 60.]

Now age has  
crept on me.

This world is but  
vanity.

At Mid-afternoon  
my pleasures  
past away.

Man's life here is  
but a day com-  
pared to everlast-  
ing life.

At vndren to scole y was sett'  
To lerne lore, as opir doop;  
Whanne my maistir wolde me bet',  
28 I wolde him curse, y was ful wroop.  
¶ To lerne good y was ful loof,  
I pouzte on ioie & iolite;  
Now certis, for to seie þe soof,  
32 þis world is but a vanyte.

At mydday y was dubbid knyzt,  
In route y lerned for to ryde;  
Was þer noon so hardi a wízt'  
36 þat in bataile durste me abide.  
¶ Where is bícome now al my pride,  
Mi booldnes, & my fair bewte?  
Now from deef may y me not hídē;  
40 þis world is but a vanyte.

At híz noon y was crown'd king,  
þis world was oonli at my wille;  
Euere to 1lyue was my liking,  
44 And alle my lustis to fulfille.  
¶ Now age is cropen on me ful stille,  
And makíþ me oold & blac of ble,  
And y go downeward wíþ þe hille;  
48 þis World is but a vanite.

At mydouernoon y droupid faste,  
Mi lust & liking wente away;  
From iolite myn hert is paste  
52 From rialte & riche aray.  
¶ Mannis lijf here is but a day  
Azens þe lijf þat euere schal be;  
And oo þing y dare weel say,  
56 þat þis world is but a vanyte.



- At euensong<sup>t</sup> tyme y wax ful coold,  
 And bigan to go bi stauē;  
 Now is deēp on me ful boold,  
 60 And for his rent<sup>t</sup> he wole me craue.  
 ¶ Whanne y am deed & leid in graue,  
 þer is no þing<sup>t</sup> þanne þat<sup>t</sup> saueþ me  
 But<sup>t</sup> good or yuel þat<sup>t</sup> y do haue;  
 64 þis world is but<sup>t</sup> a vanite.

- Thus is þe day come to nyȝt<sup>t</sup>,  
 þat<sup>t</sup> me lopith of my lyuyngē,  
 And doolful deēp to me is diȝt<sup>t</sup>,  
 68 And in coold<sup>t</sup> clay now schal y clinge.”  
 ¶ þus an oold man y herde mornynge  
 Biside an holte vnder a tree.  
 God graunte us his blis euerlastinge!  
 72 þis world is but<sup>t</sup> a vanite.

At Even Song I  
 walkt with a  
 staff. Death seekes  
 me.

In the grave  
 nought saves but  
 good done.

At Night I loathe  
 my life. Death  
 and the Grave  
 possess me.

[1 Page 61.]

God grant us His  
 bliss! for this  
 world is but  
 vanity.

[“In a noon tijd,” or “*Reuertere*,” pp. 91-4 of this volume,  
 follows here in the MS.]

# This World is False and Vain.

[Lambeth MS. 853, page 32, written without breaks.]

Why is this world  
belovd ?

Its power passes  
away like a brittle  
pot.

It is false in all,  
and so unstable,

[<sup>1</sup> Page 33.]

false in its  
business and its  
pleasures too,

Where is Solo-  
mon,

or Samson,

Absalom or  
Jonathan,

Cæsar  
or Dives,

Tully  
or Aristotle,

**W**hi is þis world biloued þat fals is & veyn,  
Sipen þat hise welþis ben so vnserteyn ?

¶ Al so soone hee passip his power away  
4 As doop a brokil poot þat freisch is and gay.

¶ Truste 3e raper to lettris written withinne þis  
þan to þis wrecchid world þat ful of synne is.

¶ It is fals in his biheeste, & rizt disceyuable ;  
8 It hap bigilid many a man, it is so vnstable.

¶ It is rapir <sup>1</sup> to bileeue þe waginginge wijnde  
þan þe chaungeable world þat makip men so  
blinde.

¶ For wheþer þou slepe or wake, þou schalt fynde  
it fals.  
12 Bothe in hise businessis & in hise lustis als.

¶ Telle me where is Salamon, sumtyme a kingt  
richee,

Or Sampson þe stronge to whom was no man  
liche ?

¶ Or þe fair man absolon, merueilose in cheere,  
16 Or þe duke ionatas, a weel biloued fere ?

¶ Where is bicomme cesar, þat lorde was of al,  
Or þe riche man clopid in purpur & in pal ?

¶ Telle me where ys tullius, in eloquence so sweete,  
20 Or aristotil þe Filosofre with his witt so greete ?

- ¶ Where ben pese worpi þat were heere-to-forn ?  
Boþe kingis & bischopis, her power is al lorn.  
or all former  
kings? All their  
power is lost,
- ¶ Alle pese greete princis wíth her power so híze  
24 Ben vanischid nowa-way in twynke<sup>l</sup>ing of an y3e.  
all vanishd in  
the twinkling of  
an eye.  
[<sup>1</sup> Page 34.]
- ¶ þe ioie of þis wrecchid world is a schoorte feeste,  
And it is likened to a schadewe þat may not  
longe leste,  
This world's joy  
is a passing  
shadow,
- ¶ And 3it it drawiþ man from heuen riche blis,  
28 And ofte tyme it makíþ him to synne & do a-mys.  
and yet makes  
man lose heaven.
- ¶ Calle no ping þine owne, þerfore, þat þou maist  
heere leese ;  
Call nothing here  
thine own ;  
For þat þe world hap lent þee, ofte he wole it cese.
- ¶ Sette þin herte in heuene a-boue, & þenke what  
ioie is þere,  
set thy heart on  
heaven above.
- 32 And þus to dispise þe world y rede þat þou lere.  
þou þat art but wormes meete, poudre, & dust,  
Thou food for  
worms, exalt not  
thyself in pride ;  
To enhaunce þi silfe in pride sett not þi lust.
- ¶ For þou woost not to-day þat þou schalt lyue  
to-morowe,  
thou mayst die  
to-morrow.
- 36 þerfore do þou euere weel, And þanne schalt  
þou not sorowe.  
Therefore do well.
- ¶ It were ful ioieful & sweete, lordschipe to haue,  
If so þat lordschip miȝte a man fro <sup>2</sup>deep saue,  
Lordship would  
be good if it could  
save a man,  
[<sup>2</sup> Page 35.]
- ¶ But for as myche as a man schal deie at þe laste,  
40 It is noo worschip, but a charge, lordschip to  
taaste.  
but it is no  
honour, only a  
burden.
- Omnia terrena**  
**Per vices sunt aliena :**  
**nescio sunt cuius ;**  
All earthly things  
are another's by  
turns,
- 44 **mea nunc, cras huius et huius.**  
**Dic, homo, quid speres,**  
**si mundo totus adheres ;**  
now mine,  
now another's.  
What do you hope  
for, if you cleave  
wholly to this  
world ?  
You can take  
nothing out of it  
but yourself.
- nulla tecum feres,**  
48 **licet tu solus haberes.**

## Earth.

Whanne liif is moost loued, and deep is moost hatid :  
 panne doop deep drawe his drawȝt, and makip man  
 ful nakid.

De terra plasmasti me, &c.

Man, made of  
 earth, has only

cared how he may  
 be set high up on  
 earth.

Man would be a  
 king on earth ;  
 [1 Page 36.]  
 but when earth  
 bids him home,  
 he shall find it  
 hard to part.

Man wins on  
 earth castles, and  
 says 'it is ours.'

But he shall  
 suffer sharply for  
 it.

Man goes on earth  
 glittering in gold,

and yet he shall  
 return to earth  
 before he likes.

Wretched man,  
 who toiled

**E**Rpe out of erpe is wondirly wrouȝt,  
 Erpe of erpe haȝ gete a dignyte of nouȝt,  
 Erpe upon erpe haȝ sett al his pouȝt,  
 4 How þat erpe upon erpe may be hiȝ brouȝt.

¶ Erpe upon erpe wold be a king ;  
 But how erpe schal to erpe, þenkip he no ȝing ;  
 Whanne þat erpe biddip erpe hise rentis hom  
 bringe,  
 8 þan schal erpe out of erpe haue a piteuous parting.

¶ Erpe vpon erpe wyneȝ castels & touris,  
 þan seiȝ erpe to erpe 'now is þis al houris :'  
 Whanne erpe upon erpe haȝ biggid up hise  
 boure[s],  
 12 þanne schal erpe upon erpe suffir scharpe schouris.

¶ Erpe goop vpon erpe as molde upon molde,  
 So goop erpe upon erpe al gliteringe in golde,  
 Like as erpe vnto erpe neuere go schulde ;  
 16 And ȝit schal erpe vn-to erpe raȝer þan he wolde.

¶ O þou wrecchid erpe þat on erpe traueilist nyȝt  
 and day

- To florische, þe erþe, to peynte þe erþe *with* wan- to adorn thee with  
towne aray ; fine raiment,  
3it<sup>t</sup> schal þou, erþe, for al þi erþe, make þou it<sup>t</sup> yet shalt thou  
neuere so queynte & gay,  
20 Out<sup>t</sup> of þis erþe into þe erþe, þere to clinge as a return to earth  
clot<sup>t</sup> of clay. like a clod.

- ¶ O wrecchid man, whi art<sup>t</sup> þou proud <sup>1</sup> þat<sup>t</sup> art<sup>t</sup> of [ Page 37.]  
þe erþe makid ? Why art thou  
Hider brouȝtist<sup>t</sup> þou no schroud, But<sup>t</sup> poore come proud who art  
þou, and nakid ; Thou camst to  
Whanne þi soule is went<sup>t</sup> out, & þi bodi in erþe earth naked, and  
rakid, when thou art  
24 þan þi bodi þat<sup>t</sup> was rank & Vndeout<sup>t</sup>, Of alle put in earth,  
men is bihatid. all men will hate  
thee.

- ¶ Out<sup>t</sup> of þis erþe cam to þis erþe þis wrecchid Thy clothing  
garnement<sup>t</sup> ; came from earth  
To hide þis erþe, to happe þis erþe, to him was to enwrap thy  
cloþinge lente ; earth,  
Now goop erþe upon erþe, ruli, raggid, and rent<sup>t</sup>, which under the  
28 þerfore schal erþe vndir þe erþe haue hidiose earth shall have  
turment<sup>t</sup>. torment.

- ¶ Whi þat<sup>t</sup> erþe to myche loueþ erþe, wondir me Why earth(man)  
þink, loves earth too  
Or whi þat<sup>t</sup> erþe for superflue erþe to sore sweete much, I wonder,  
wole or swynk ;  
For whanne þat<sup>t</sup> erþe upon erþe is brouȝt<sup>t</sup> *with*- for when man  
izne þe brink, comes to the  
32 þan schal erþe of þe erþe haue a rewful swynk. grave's brink he  
time of it.

- ¶ Lo, erþe upon erþe, considere þou may Man, thou camst  
How erþe comeþ into erþe nakid al way, into earth naked,  
¶ Whi schulde erþe upon erþe go now so stoute or [Page 38.]  
gay

and shall be so  
when thou diest.

36 Whanne erþe schal passe out of erþe in so poore  
aray ?

Think on this, and  
of the judgment  
at thy resurrec-  
tion,

¶ Wolde god, þerfore, þis erþe, While þat he is  
upon þis erþe, Vpon þis wolde hertili pinke,  
And how þe erþe out of þe erthe schal haue his  
aȝen-risynge,  
And þis erþe for þis erþe schal ȝeelde streite  
rekenyng ;

and then never  
for this earth  
shalt thou dis-  
please God.

40 Schulde neuere þan þis erþe for þis erþe mysplese  
heuene king.

Pray therefore,

¶ þerfore, þou erþe, vpon erþe þat so wickidli hast  
wrouȝt,  
While þat þou, erþe, art upon erþe, turne aȝen þi  
þouȝt,

man, to God,

And praie to þat god upon erþe þat al þe erþe  
haȝ wrouȝt,

that thou mayst  
come to bliss.

44 þat þou, erþe upon erþe, to blis may be brouȝt.

Lord, let not man  
come to grief for  
this earth, but

¶ O þou lord þat madist þis erþe for þis erþe, &  
suffridist heere peynes ille,

Lete neuere þis erþe for þis erþe myscheue ne  
spille,

[<sup>1</sup> Page 39.]  
here ever work  
Thy will, that he  
may ascend to  
Thy high hill.

But þat þis erþe on þis <sup>1</sup>erþe be euere worchinge  
þi wille,

48 So þat þis erþe from þis erþe may stie up to þin  
hiȝ hille. A-M-E-N.

[See an earlier Poem on *Earth*, in alternate English and Latin  
stanzas, in my edition of *Early English Poems* for the Philological  
Society, 1862, p. 150-2 ; and in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 216.  
*Memento homo quod cinis es*, and the Creed (pp. 101-3 of this  
Text), follow here in the MS.]

# Reuertere !

(IN ENGLISH TUNGE, TURNE AȝEN !)

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 61, written without breaks.*]

IN a noon tijd of a somers day  
 þe sunne schoon ful myrie þat tide,  
 I took myn hauk al for to play,  
 4 Mi spaynel rennyng' bi my side.  
 ¶ A feisaunt hen soone gan y se,  
 Myn hound put up ful fair to fliȝt,  
 I sente my faukun, y leet him flee :  
 8 It was to me a deinteuose siȝt.

One sunny  
summer noon I  
took out my hawk  
and spaniel.

The dog put up a  
hen-pheasant,  
and I flew my  
falcon at her—a  
pretty sight.

¶ My faukun fliȝ faste to his pray,  
 I ran þo with a ful glad chere,  
 I spurned ful soone on my way,  
 12 Mi leg' was hent al with a brere.  
 ¶ þis brere forsoþe dide me griȝf,  
 And soone it made me to turne aȝe,  
 For he bare written in euery leef  
 16 þis word in latyn, reuertere.

I ran on fast,

but a briar  
brought me to  
grief, and made  
me turn back, for  
on every leaf of it  
was written  
*Reuertere*.

I knelid & pullid þe brere me fro,  
 And redde þis word ful hendeli ;  
 Myn herte fil doun vnto my too  
 20 þat was woont' sitten ful likingly.  
 ¶ I leete myn hauke & feysaunt fare,  
 Mi spaynel fil doun to my knee,

I disentangled  
myself.

[Page 62.]  
My heart fell to  
my toe.

I let the hawk and  
hen fly,



and sighd over  
this *Reuertere*.

panne took y me wiþ siþynge sare  
24 þis new lessoun, reuertere.

It means 'turn  
again, or back.'

**R**euertere is as myche to say  
In englich tunge as, *turne azen* :

Turn then, man,  
and think of thy  
life, open and  
hidden.

Turne azen, man, y þee pray,  
28 And þinke hertili what þou hast ben ;

¶ Of þi liuynge be-þinke þee riþe,  
In open & in priuite.

If thou wouldst  
go to heaven,  
think of '*turn*  
*again*.'

þat þou may come to euerlastinge lijf,  
32 Take to þi mynde reuertere.

I became serious,

**P**is word made me to studie sore,  
And binam me al my list ;

and thought how  
I had spent my  
life.

How y hadde ledde my lijf so þore,  
36 I putt' it' freischli in-to my brist.

I found myself  
full far from God,

¶ þanne foond y me ful fer y-flet'  
Al from god in maieste ;  
Forsoþe þere schal no þing' me leett'  
40 þat' y ne wole syngre reuertere.

This summer-  
noon heat  
[<sup>1</sup> Page 63.]

is like

**T**his noon hete of þe someris day,  
Whanne þe sunne moost' <sup>1</sup>hiþest' is,  
It may be likened in good fay,

44 For gregorie witnessiþ weel þis ;

man in youth,  
rushing into all  
kinds of sin.

¶ For in þonge age men wide doon walke  
To dyuers synnis in fele degre :

þouþ a þong' man make a balke,

48 þit' take to þi mynde reuertere.

Lust blinds many  
a man,

**F**or likinge blindiþ many oon  
þat' he seep not him-silf y-wis,  
And makip his herte as hard as stoon ;

52 þanne þenkip he not on heuen blis ;

and prevents him  
thinking of  
heaven.

¶ For danyel preueþ it' weel riþtfulli,  
As susannis storie telliþ me,

Two preestis were deemed worpili ;  
56 For likinge þei knew not reuertere.

ȝouþe berip þe hauke upon his hond  
Whanne iolite forȝetip age :  
This hauke is mannis herte, y vndirstonde,  
60 For it is ȝong<sup>r</sup> & of hiȝ romage.  
¶ He puttip his hauke fro his fist,  
He þat schulde to god be free ;  
He meltip and wexip a weel poore gist<sup>t</sup>  
64 Whanne <sup>1</sup>he comeþ to reuertere.

Youth bears the  
hawk on his  
hand.

The hawk is  
man's heart, and

is flown from the  
fist, but not to  
God.

[<sup>1</sup> Page 64.]

**F**or ful of corage is ȝougeþe in herte,  
And waitynge euere on his pray,  
He ne sparip ryuer ne þornes smerte  
68 To gete his myrþe þere he beest may.  
¶ He þat enserchip þe derknes of nyȝt,  
And þe myst of þe morowtide may se,  
He schal know bi cristis myȝt<sup>t</sup>  
72 If ȝouþe kunne synge reuertere.

Youth watches  
ever its prey, and

sparcs no prick of  
thorn to get its  
pleasure.

Let the watcher  
of the night ask  
whether youth  
will heed the call  
"Turn again."

**T**his hawk of herte in ȝouþe y-wys,  
Pursueþ euere þis feisaunt<sup>t</sup> hen ;  
þis feisaunt<sup>t</sup> hen is likingnes,  
76 And euere folewip hir þese ȝonge men.  
¶ þis is likinge in euery synne,  
Venial & deedli wheþer it be,  
With greet likinge he wole bigynne,  
80 But sorewe bringe forþ reuertere.

This hawk, man's  
heart, pursues  
ever the hen-  
pheasant  
Pleasure.

Lust or Desire is  
the beginning of  
every sin,

**L**iking<sup>r</sup> is modir of synnis alle,  
And norischip euery wickid dede,  
In feele myscheues sche makip to falle,  
84 Of al sorowe sche dooþ þe daunce leede.  
¶ þis herte of ȝouþe is hie<sup>2</sup> of port<sup>t</sup>,  
And wildenes makip him ofte to fle,

their mother,  
and nourisher,

and of all sorrow  
leads the dance.

[<sup>2</sup> *MS.* his.]  
Youth, through  
wildness,  
[Page 65.]

often goes wrong.  
Then it should  
*turn again.*

In pleasure,  
think that youth  
must leave thee.

When age takes  
thee, thou wilt  
think it best to  
*turn again.*

Holy Writ says  
that a request too  
long delayd will  
be refusd.

In youth thou  
didst wild out-  
rage and forgat-  
test *Reuertere.*

Let every one  
think how short a  
time he shall be  
here.

[ Page 66.]

Cocks crow when  
midnight comes.

Man knows not his  
time if he cannot  
say *Reuertere.*

Think, then, man,  
that there is no  
so poor wretch as  
thou.

Pray we all to  
God to grant ever-  
lasting bliss to all  
who can say  
*'Turn again.'*

And ofte to falle in wickid sort ;

88 þanne is it þe beste, reuertere.

**B**ut be waar of welpe or þou be woo ;

In iolite whan þou art piȝt,

þinke þat ȝonge wole go þe fro,

92 Be þou neuere so greet of miȝt.

Whanne age hap take þee bi þe brest,

And for febilnes þou myȝt not se,

þin herte seiþ þanne þat it is best

96 For to seiē & syngē reuertere.

**B**ut in holi writt we fynde

If þou þi lord schulde ouȝt aske a þing,

For þi longe beinge bihinde,

100 Aȝenseid art þou of þin askinge.

¶ While þou were ȝonge, in tendre age,

Of þin askinge þou were ful free

In ydilnes & wilde outrage ;

104 þanne was forȝete reuertere.

**P**erfore euery man biþinke him weel

How litil while is his dwellynge ;

As holy writt yt dooþ telle,

108 He schal not <sup>1</sup>knowe *with*-oute lesinge.

¶ A cok can crowe his tyme mydnyȝt,

Which he knowith weel in his degre :

But his tyme he knowith not ariȝt

112 þat can weel neuere seiē reuertere.

**T**herfore be þou in certein, man,

While þou muste knowe how ;

Biþinke þi silf how þou art þan ;

116 Noon so poore a wrecche as þou !

¶ Þerfore praye we to heuene king,

Euery man in his degre,

To graunte them þe blis euerlastinge

120 þat þis word weel kan seiē, reuertere.

## Merci Passith Ryztwisnes.

(A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SINNER AND MERCY.)

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., pages 66 to 73 ;  
written without breaks.*]

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p><b>B</b>I a forest' as y gan walke<br/>           <i>With-out' a paleys in a leye,</i><br/>         I herde two men togidre talke ;<br/>         4    I pouzte to wite what' þei wolde seie.<br/>         ¶ þat' oon stood in a doolful aray,<br/>           <i>Hise deedli synnis he gan to defie,</i><br/>           <i>"Alas," he seide, "me dreedip to-day</i><br/>         8    <i>þat' rizt' wole forþ, &amp; no merceye."</i></p> <p>¶ þanne answeride merci <i>with</i> sobir <sup>1</sup>cheer,<br/>           <i>"Man, me þinkip þi witt' is bare ;</i><br/>         If þou wolt, y schal þee leer,<br/>         12    þee needip not' to moorne so sare.<br/>         ¶ I rede þee to foonde to ameende þi fare ;<br/>           <i>Go euery day &amp; heere a messe,</i><br/>           <i>And schryue þee clene, &amp; haue noo care,</i><br/>         16    <i>For mercy passip riztwisnes."</i></p> <p>¶ þanne seide þe synner <i>with</i> angri mood,<br/>           <i>"Man, me þenkist<sup>6</sup> þou doost' raue ;</i><br/>         I woot' weel þou canst' no good,<br/>         20    þou barist' neuere staot' but' as a knawe.</p> | <p>As I walked I<br/><br/>         heard two men<br/>         talking.<br/><br/>         One was very sad,<br/><br/>         fearing that Right<br/>         would be done,<br/>         without Mercy.</p> <p>[<sup>1</sup> Page 67.]<br/>         But <i>Mercy</i> said,<br/>         Man, you<br/><br/>         need not mourn.<br/><br/>         Amend your<br/>         ways, hear Mass<br/>         daily, be shriven,<br/>         and fear not,<br/><br/>         Mercy passeth<br/>         Righteousness.</p> <p><i>The Sinner</i><br/>         answerd, Thou<br/>         ravest :<br/>         [<sup>2</sup> <i>for</i> þenkip.]</p> |
|---|--|

as I deserve, so  
shall I have;

¶ As y deserue, so schal y haue;  
Weel bittirli y schal a-bie;  
I knowe noon helpe þat me schulde haue,  
But þat riȝt schal forþ, and no mercie."

Right, not Mercy.

24

*Mercy.*

If thou wilt give  
up thy sin,

¶ þanne seide mercye meeke & mylde,  
"If þou wolt fro þi synnes drawe,  
þouȝ þou speke þese wordis wilde,  
To helpe þee ȝit I wolde be fawe.

28

love God and  
repent,  
[1 Page 68.]  
He is over the  
law:  
His Mercy ex-  
ceeds His Justice.

¶ Loue weel god, þat is my sawe,  
Repente þee blyue of 1al þi mys;  
Almyȝti god is ouer þe lawe,  
His merci passiþ his riȝtwisnes."

32

*The Sinner.*  
[2 or foonued.]

I never willingly  
did a good deed;

"Seie me," quod þe synner, "þou foonued<sup>2</sup> clerk.  
þou coudist neuere rede in no spel;  
I wrouȝte wilfulli neuere good werk;  
What riȝt haue y in heuen to dwelle?

36

I deserve hell;

my wicked deeds  
will kill me.  
Right, and no  
Mercy, on me.

¶ I haue deserued to go to helle,  
And þefore ofte sore sike y;  
My wickid dedis wole me quelle,  
þere riȝt schal forþ, and no mercye."

40

*Mercy.*

God shed His  
blood for thee and  
me,

and bought us  
with His flesh.

Thy soul is His.  
He will have  
mercy.

¶ Merci seide "þou canst no good;  
God schewiþ þee kyndenes many foolde,  
For þee & me he schedde his blood,  
And suffride woundis bittir & colde.

44

¶ His fair body to þe iewis was solde  
To bie oure synful soulis to blis;  
þi soule is his, y myȝt be bolde;  
His merci passiþ his riȝtwisnes."

48

*The Sinner.*

I know God is  
good and true,  
and loves Truth.

¶ "Forsoþe," quod þe synner, "þat leue y weel,  
þat he is boþe good & kynde,  
And þerto trewer þan ony steel;  
þat he loueþ truþe weel schal y fynde.

52

- ¶ How myzt' god me of care vnbinde  
Sipen god loueþ troupe so verrili?  
Do way, mercy, þou spillist myche winde,  
56 For rijt' schal forþ, & no mercy.'
- ¶ Merci seide, "woldist' þou god knowe,  
And wiþ good entent' mercy calle,  
And to him meekeli þee abowe,  
60 þan schal neuere myscheef in þee falle.  
¶ þou3 þou haddist' do þe synnis alle,  
And þou crie mercy for al þi mys,  
And with good herte on him to calle,  
64 þan wole his mercy passe rijtwisnes."
- ¶ "What," quod þe synner, "y trowe þou raue;  
Canst' þou neuere of þi pletinge blynne?  
þe deucl bad me neuere mercy craue,  
68 And he can more clergie þan al þi kynne;  
¶ And he him silf is ful of synne,  
And 3it' wole he neuere mercy crie:  
I coueite neuere heuen to wynne  
72 While rijt' schal forþ, & no mercie."
- ¶ Merci seide "y preue bi skile,  
Witt' is nou3t' worþ, but grace be sou3t';  
þe deucl <sup>1</sup>Haþ clergie & witt' at' wille,  
76 And euere he settiþ it foule at' nou3t':  
¶ He fil in wanhope as him neuere rou3te,  
þoru3 pride in heuen he loste his blis;  
Hadde he oonys grace bisou3te,  
80 Merci hadde passid rijtwijsnes."
- ¶ Whanne þe synner herd þis, he sized sore,  
With rewful cheer greet' dool he made,  
And seide, "of þee wole y lerne more;  
84 þan is the deucl fals and bad,  
¶ For if he myzte merci haue had,

[Page 69.]  
How then shall  
He free me?

Right will pre-  
vail, not Mercy.

*Mercy.*  
If thou wilt really  
pray for mercy,

tho' thou hast  
sind all the sins,

God's Mercy will  
exceed His  
Justice.

*The Sinner.*  
Nonsense! The  
Devil bad me  
never ask mercy;

and he knows  
more than thou.  
He is full of sin,  
and never asks  
mercy;

Justice will  
prevail.

*Mercy.*  
The devil's wit is  
no good without  
grace.  
[<sup>1</sup> Page 70.]

He fell into de-  
spair when he  
lost heaven.

Had he sought  
grace he'd have  
had Mercy.

*The Sinner.*

I'll learn of thee.  
The devil *must* be  
bad if he might  
have had mercy.



He needs be sorry  
who gets Right  
and not Mercy.

88

A þousand sipis y him defie;  
He may be sory & no-þing<sup>1</sup> glad  
þat schal haue <sup>1</sup>riȝtwisnes & no mercy."

*Mercy.*

Dear brother,  
give up the devil,  
who would send  
you to hell.

92

**M**ercy biheeld þat semeli goost.  
And seide, "leue broþer, forsake þe feend,  
For he wolde fayn þi soule were lost,  
To dwelle in helle without eend.

Pray for grace,  
God will send it,  
and thy soul will  
go to heaven.

96

¶ Biseche now grace, & god wole sende  
And þou wolt<sup>t</sup> do as y þee wijs,  
And þan þi soule to heuen schal wende,  
þere merci passip riȝtwisnes."

[Page 71.]  
*The Sinner.*  
My past life is  
worthless;  
I will serve God;

100

"**A**las," quod þe synner, "al my lijf y rue,  
For it is no þing<sup>t</sup> as y wende;  
To serue god y wole be trewe  
If ony grace he wole me sende.

may He keep me  
from sin.  
I defy the false  
fiend who pro-  
mised me Right,  
not Mercy.

104

¶ Of al wickidnes he me defende!  
þe fals feend, y him defie;  
He wolde no þing<sup>t</sup> þat<sup>t</sup> y dide meende,  
þat<sup>t</sup> biheet<sup>t</sup> me riȝt no mercie."

*Mercy.*  
Do so, and re-  
joice. Be sorry  
for thy sin,

108

**M**erci seide "if þou wolt<sup>t</sup> so,  
þou myȝt<sup>t</sup> be glad al þi lijf,  
And for þi synne þou maist<sup>t</sup> be woo,  
And to a preest<sup>t</sup> cleene þee schriue,  
¶ And take penaunce without<sup>t</sup> strijf,  
Repentyng<sup>e</sup> þee of al þi mys,  
þan bi þi witt<sup>t</sup> þou maist<sup>t</sup> knowe riȝf  
þat<sup>t</sup> merci passip riȝtwisnes."

be shriven,  
do penance,  
and repent:

112

Thou shalt know  
that Mercy passes  
Justice.

*The Sinner.*  
No penance is  
enough for me:  
not being buried  
alive.

116

"**A**las," quod the synner, "y haue lyued wrong!  
What<sup>t</sup> penaunce were y worpi to haue?  
þer may no man sette me to strong<sup>t</sup>  
þouȝ y were quicke doluen on graue.

<sup>1</sup> MS. transposes riȝtwisnes and mercy.



¶ A ʃ almiȝty god, mercy I craue,  
Now lete my flesche my synnis abie !  
Graciose crist ! my soule þou haue,  
120 For riȝt is nouȝt wiþout mercie."

Ah God! have  
mercy. Christ,  
take my soul.

[Page 72.]

**M**ercy seide, "ful weel þou woost,  
As þou hast often herd sayen,  
What man is founde þat was lost,  
124 Wiþ him is crist plesid & fayn.  
¶ What nede had crist to suffre payne  
But for to bie oure soulis to blis?  
Telle me þi lijf heere al playn,  
128 þat mercy may passe riȝtwisnes."

*Mercy.*

Christ rejoices  
over the lost  
sinner who is  
found.

Tell me all thy  
sins.

"**M**y fyue wittis y haue mys spende  
þoruȝ pride, enuie, & leccherie :  
To þe ten heestis y haue not tende  
132 þoruȝ slouþe, wrappþe, & glotenie.  
¶ In coueitise lyued haue y,  
And neuere dide werkis of mercyes ;  
God ! ȝeue me grace or þat y die !  
136 þi merci may passe riȝtwisnes."

*The Sinner.*  
I have mispent  
my Five Senses ;

disobeyed the  
Ten Command-  
ments ; livd in  
covetousness, and  
done no good  
works.

God, let Thy  
Mercy pass Thy  
Justice.

**M**erci ȝaf him penaunce stronge,  
And seide "man, wolt þou þis take ?  
þou muste suffre boþe riȝt and wrong"  
140 If þou þi synne wolt forsake  
¶ In good praiers þou muste wake,  
And neuere <sup>1</sup>wilne to do a-mys ;  
And for þi sorewe þat þou doost make,  
144 Merci schal passe riȝtwisnes."

*Mercy.*

Do this penance:  
Suffer, and for-  
sake thy sin.

Watch and pray.

Never will to sin.  
[1 Page 73.]  
Then Mercy  
shall exceed  
Justice.

**Þ**e synner took penaunce wiþ good entent,  
And lefte al his wickid synne ;  
Whanne he hadde leeuē, away he went

The sinner for-  
sook his sins,

- and all his friends  
did great penance,  
and no sin wil-  
fully.
- 148 From alle his freendis, kip & kynne.  
¶ In greet penance he putte him inne,  
And neuere aftir wilfulli dide mys;  
He truste on god heuen to wynne,
- He trusted to  
God to bring him  
to heaven.
- 152 þere mercy passip riȝtwijsnes.
- Lord! give us  
grace, and be  
merciful to us.
- Almiȝti god! now make us stable,  
And ȝeue us grace weel to spede,  
And to us alle bee merciable,
- 156 And forȝeue us alle oure mysdede.  
¶ And helpe us, ladi, att oure moost nede,  
To þi sone oure soulis þou wys,  
And with his mercy fulli us fede
- Mary, guide our  
souls to thy Son,
- 160 þere mercy passip riȝtwijsnes. A-M-E-N.
- where Mercy pre-  
vails over Justice.

[“As resoun rewlið,” or “Filius Regis Mortuus est,” follows.  
It is printed in *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, p. 205, &c.]

## The Belief.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 39 ; written  
without breaks.*]

¶ **Memento homo quod cinis es, et in cinerem reuerteris.** Remember, man,  
that thou art dust.

¶ **Fac bene dum viuis. Post mortem viuere si uis.** Do well while  
thou livest.

¶ **Tangere qui gaudet. meretricem qualiter audet.** How does he who  
delights to touch  
a harlot, dare to

**Palmis pollutis. regem tractare salutis.**

**Credo in deum patrem omnipotentem.**

handle the King  
of Salvation with  
polluted hands.

**I**N pee, god fadir, I bileeue,

pe firste persooone ful of myȝt,

pat al of nouȝt hast' maad to meeue,

4 bope heuen & erpe, day & nyȝt.

I believe in God  
the Father,

¶ And in þin oonly goten sone,

Born of þi silf bifor al þing,

Oure lord *iherus*, pe secunde persooone,

8 Bothe oo god in heuen beinge.

and in His only  
begotten Son,

Jesus Christ,  
one with God,

¶ pe same god þat' euere hap ben,

And siþen conceyued bi pe holi goost,

And born of a mayden cleene,

12 Because a man in meekenes moost.

conceiuid by the  
Holy Ghost, and  
born of a pure  
virgin,

[Page 40.]

¶ And riȝt as in pe trynȝte

Ben persooones þre, substauncis but' oon,

Riȝt so in pee ben substauncis þre,

16 God, soule, bodi, & al oon persooone.

(of three sub-  
stances, God, soul,  
body)

who sufferd under  
Pontius Pilate,

was crucified,  
and buried,

descended into  
hell,

but rose again  
the third day,

ascended into  
heaven,

whence He shall  
come to judge  
both quick and  
dead.

[<sup>1</sup> Page 41.]  
I believe in the  
Holy Ghost,

who makes Holy  
Church, by faith-  
ful men giving  
each to other  
what each can.

I believe in the  
Forgiveness of  
Sins (through the  
Sacrament),

¶ Undir pilate þou suffridist peyne

Bi fre wil, mankinde to saue,  
Nailid on a croos, & þeron slain,  
20 And taken doun & biried in graue.

¶ In soule oonli þou wente to helle,  
& took þens þi part, it was good riȝt,  
But up þou roos in fleisch and in felle  
24 þe þrid day bi godli myȝt.

¶ þou stiȝ to heuen in þi manhede,  
And þere þou sittist on þi fadir riȝt side,  
But ouer al-where is þi godhede,  
28 þere is noon þat from þee him may hide.

¶ þens schalt þou come us alle to deeme,  
Boþe quik and dede of adams seed.  
With opene woundis & visage breme;  
32 þis bileue makip true men drede.

¶ I bileue in þe holi <sup>1</sup>goost,  
þe þridde persooone in trynȝte,  
Of which þre noon is more ne moost,  
36 But al oon god in persooones þre.

¶ þe holi goost makip holi chirche  
Of feipful men, bi comynȝnge  
Ech oon to opir what þei kuzne worche  
40 In holines and good lyuyng.

¶ Forȝeeuenes y bileue of synne  
Bi þe holi goost and þe sacrament,  
If y maye goostli to hem wyne,  
44 Or ellis him silfe is euere present.

¶ þouȝ he neuere so present be,  
ȝit he wole for ful meekenes

þat' y do þerto þat' is in me,  
 48 Lest' contempt' lette me of forþeuenes.

¶ Also y bileeue in hool mynde,  
     þe holi goost' schalle knytte aȝen  
     þe soule to þe fleische of al mankinde;  
 52 For al fleish schal ryse þat' deef hath slayn.

and that the Holy  
 Ghost shall knit  
 again all men's  
 souls to their  
 flesh on their  
 resurrection,

¶ þe holi goost' schal ȝeue also  
     Euerlastynge lijf to alle true men.  
     þat we may heere serue þer-to,  
 56 ¶ Y rede we seie alle, amen.

and shall give  
 everlasting life to  
 all true men.

[*The Sixteen Points of Charity*, or "Man, among þi myrþis,"  
 printed p. 114, below, follows here in the MS.]

## The Ten Commandments.

[Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 47 ; written  
without breaks.]

Every one should  
teach his children  
these, and keep  
them himself.

**E**Uery man schulde teche þis lore  
To hise children with good entent,  
And do it him-silf euermore,  
4 To kepe weel goddis comaundement.

I. Have no false  
gods. Worship  
God Almighty.

¶ Fals goddis þou schalt noon haue,  
But worschipe god omzipotent ;  
Make not þi god þat man haþ graue :  
8 þis is þe firste comaundement.

II. Take not  
God's name in  
vain.

Swear by no  
created thing.

¶ Goddis name in ydil take þou not,  
For if þou do þou schalt be scheent ;  
Swere bi no þing þat god haþ wrouzt :  
12 þis is þe secunde comaundement.

III. Hallow the  
Holy Day.

¶ Haue mynde to helewe þin holi day,  
þou & alle þine with good entent ;  
Leue seruile werkis & nyce aray :  
16 þis is þe þridde comaundement.

IV. Honour thy  
Father and  
Mother.

[<sup>1</sup> Page 41.]

¶ Worschipe þi fadir & þi modir boþe,—  
þat longe lijf to þee be lent,—  
With meete <sup>1</sup>and drink, counfort & cloþe :  
20 þis is þe iiij<sup>e</sup> comaundement.

V. Kill no man,

¶ Sle no man with yuel wille,  
Ensaumple, or tunge, or strokis dent ;

- But euermore do good for ille :  
 24 þis is þe fifthe comaundement. but do good for ill.
- ¶ Do no leccherie in al þi lijf ;  
 Lete fleischeli knowynge from þee be lent  
 Saue oonli bi-twene man & wijf :  
 28 þis is þe sixte comaundement. VI. Commit not  
 adultery or  
 fornication.
- ¶ þou schalt not stele no maner of þing,  
 Ne helpe þerto bi no consent.  
 Leue alle fals mesuris & al gilinge :  
 32 þis is þe .vij. comaundement. VII. Steal not.  
 Use no deceit.
- ¶ þou schalt beere no fals witnes  
 For no mater þat may be ment ;  
 Seie euere þe soþe, or holde þi pees :  
 36 þis is þe .viij. comaundement. VIII. Bear no  
 false witness.
- ¶ þou schalt not coueite þi neiȝboris good,  
 As hous, lond, catel, ne rent,  
 In hindringe of him & of his blood :  
 40 þis is þe .ix. comaundement. IX. Covet not  
 thy neighbour's  
 goods.
- ¶ þou schalt not desire þi neiȝboris feere,  
 Ne falsli his seruauȝt from him hent,  
 Ne no good þat <sup>1</sup>he hath heere :  
 44 þis is þe .x. comaundement. X. Covet not thy  
 neighbour's wife ;  
 take not his  
 servant or goods  
 falsely.  
 [<sup>1</sup> Page 49.]
- ¶ þese ten to kepe, þou ȝeue us grace  
 þat on þe roode was al to-rent,  
 In-to his blis þat we mowe passe  
 48 At þe laste day of Iugement. Christ, give us  
 grace to keep  
 these Ten,  
 that we may  
 pass to bliss.

[“I Warne eche lijf,” p. 107, &c., of this print, follows here in the MS.]



## Kepe Wel Cristes Comaundement.

[*Vernon MS., ab. 1370 A.D., fol. 408 b., col. 1.*  
*Printed here for comparison' sake, with the metrical*  
*points, but no stops.*]

- I** warne vche leod. þat liueþ in londe.  
 And do hem dredles. out of were.  
 þat þei most studie. and vnderstonde.  
 4 þe lawe of crist. to loue and lere.  
 þer nis no mon. fer ne nere.  
 þat may him seluen. saue vn schent.  
 But he þat casteth. wiþ concience clere.  
 8 To kepe. wel. Cristes Comaundement.
- þow most haue o God. and no mo.  
 And serue him boþe. wiþ mayn and miht.  
 And ouer alle þinges. loue him also.  
 12 For he haþ lant þe. lyf and liht.  
 3if þou beo nuyzed. day or niht.  
 In peyne be meke. and pacient.  
 And rule þe ay. be reson riht.  
 16 And kep wel. Cristes Comaundement.
- ¶ And let þi neizhebor. frend and fo.  
 Riht frely. of þi frendschupe fele.  
 In herte. þat þou wilne hem so.  
 20 Riht as þou woldest. þi self weore wele.  
 And help to sauen hem. from vncele.  
 So þat heore soules. beo not schent.  
 And also heore care. þou helpe to kele.  
 24 And kepe wel. Cristes comaundement.

## Kepe Weel Cristis Comaundement.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 49 ; written without breaks.*]

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><b>I</b> Warne eche lijf þat liueþ in lond<br/>         And do him dredlees out of were,<br/>         þat he must studie &amp; vndirstonde<br/>         4 þe lawe of god to loue &amp; lere.<br/>         ¶ For þere is no man feer ne neer<br/>         þat may him sillfe saue vnschent<br/>         But he þat castiþ him <i>with</i> conscience clere<br/>         8 To kepe weel cristis comaundement.</p> <p><b>T</b>hou schalt haue oon god &amp; no mo,<br/>         And serue him boþe wiþ mayn &amp; myzt,<br/>         And ouer al þing loue him also,<br/>         12 For he haþ lent þee lijf &amp; lizt.<br/>         ¶ If þou be noied bi day or nyzt,<br/>         In peyne be meeke &amp; pacient,<br/>         And rewle þee ay bi resoun rízt,<br/>         16 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.</p> <p><b>L</b>ete þi neize-<sup>1</sup>boris, boþe freend &amp; fo,<br/>         Freli of þi freendschip feelee;<br/>         In herte wilne þou hem also<br/>         20 Rízt as þou woldist þi silf were wele.<br/>         ¶ Helpe to saue hem from vnsele<br/>         So þat her soulis ben not schent,<br/>         And her care þou helpe to kelee,<br/>         24 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.</p> | <p>Every man must<br/>         take care to love<br/>         the Law of God.</p> <p>Only he can be<br/>         savd who gives<br/>         himself to keep<br/>         Christ's<br/>         Commandments.</p> <p>I. Thou shalt<br/>         have one God,<br/> <br/>         and love Him<br/>         above every-<br/>         thing.</p> <p>Be patient in<br/>         suffering.</p> <p>[<sup>1</sup> Page 50.]<br/>         Love thy<br/>         neighbour as<br/>         thyself;<br/> <br/>         and help to save<br/>         him from all ill.</p> |
|--|--|

- ¶ In Idel. Godes nome tak þou nouȝt.  
 But cese. and saue þe from þat synne.  
 Swere bi no þing. þat God haþ wrouht.
- 38 Be war. his wrapþe. lest þou hit wyne.  
 But bisy þe her. bale to blynne.  
 þat blaberyng are wiþ oþes blent.  
 Vncouþe *and* knowen. *and* of þi kynne.
- 32 And kep wel. cristes comaundement.
- ¶ In clannes and in cristes werk.  
 Haue mynde. to holden þin haly day.  
 And drauh þe þenne. from dedes derk.
- 36 Wiþ al þi meyne. Mon and may.  
 And men vnsauȝte. loke þou assay.  
 To sauȝten hem þenne. at on assent.  
 And pore and seke. þou plese *and* pay.
- 40 And kepe wel cristes Comaundement.
- ¶ þi Fader þi Moder. þou worschupe boþe.  
 Ȝif þou wolt boteles. bale escheuwe.  
 With counseil cum-forte hem. with mete *and*  
 cloþe.
- 44 As þou sest. hem neodeþ newe.  
 And ȝif þei talke of tales vn-trewe.  
 þou torn hem out. of þat entent.  
 And cristes lawe. help þat þei knewe.
- 48 And kep wel cristes. Comaundement.
- ¶ Sle no mon. wiþ wikked wille.  
 Be war. and vengeaunce tak þou non.  
 In word. ne dede. loude. ne stille.
- 52 Bakbyte þou no mon. blod ny bon.  
 But ay let gabbynges. glyde and gon.  
 A-wey wher þei wol. glace. or glent.  
 And help þat alle men ben aton.
- 56 And kep wel cristes comaundement.

- G**oddis name in ydil take þou nouȝt,  
 But ceesse & saue þee from þat synne;  
 Swere bi no þing! þat god haþ wrouȝt,  
 28 Be waar his wrappe lest þou so wyne.  
 ¶ But bisie þee euere her bale to blinne  
 þat wiþ blaberinge oopis ben blent,  
 Vncouþe & knowen of þi kynne;  
 32 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

II. Take not  
 God's name in  
 vain.

Swear by no  
 thing that God  
 has made,

but keep from the  
 bale of blabbering  
 oath-swearers.

- I**n clennes and in cristis werk  
 Haue mynde to halowe þin holi daye,  
 And drawe þee þanne from dedis derk  
 36 Wiþ al þi meyne, man & may.  
 ¶ Men vnsoft, loke þou asay  
 To soften <sup>1</sup>them to good assent,  
 Helpe poore and sike to please & pay,  
 40 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

III. Hallow thy  
 Holy Day, with

all thy household.

Try to soften  
 unsoft men,  
 [<sup>1</sup> Page 51.]  
 and to help the  
 poor and sick.

- Þ**i fadir & modir worschipe bope—  
 If þou wolt botelees bale eschewe—  
 With councelle, coumforte, meete & clope,  
 44 As þou seest þat hem nedip newe.  
 ¶ And if þei talke of wordis vntrewe,  
 þou turne hem out of þat entent,  
 And cristis lawe helpe þat þei knew,  
 48 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

IV. Honour thy  
 Father and  
 Mother with

counsel, food, and  
 clothes.

Turn them from  
 untrue words, and  
 help them to  
 know Christ's  
 law.

- S**le no man with wickid wille;  
 Be waar, of veniaunce take þou noon;  
 Eerli ne late, lowde ne stille,  
 52 Bachite no man, blood ne boon,  
 ¶ But lete euere gabbing glide & goon  
 Away, wheþer it wole glase or glent;  
 And helpe þat alle men were at oone,  
 56 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

V. Slay no man:  
 take no venge-  
 ance.

Backbite no one,

but let gabbing  
 go by.

Help on peace.

- ¶ Stele þou nouȝt. þi neiȝebors þing.  
 Nouȝur wiȝ stillenes. ne wiȝ strif.  
 Nor *with* no maner. wrong getyng.  
 60 þi self þi seruauȝt. child. ne wyf.  
 To sulle *and* buye. ȝif þou be ryf.  
 Wayte al way. þat wrong be went.  
 As þou wolt lyue. þe lastyng lyf.  
 64 þou kepe wel. cristes comaundement.

[Col. 2.]

- Fals witness. loke þow non bere.  
 ȝif þow wolt. in bliſse a-byde.  
 þi neiȝebore. wityngly to dere.  
 68 Ne no mon nouȝer. in no syde.  
 But loke þat no mon. be a nuyȝed.  
 And þou may him. from harmes hent.  
 And help þat falshede. beo distruiet.  
 72 And kep wel. cristes comaundement.

- ¶ Sunge þou not. in lecherie.  
 Such lust vn leueful. let hit pas.  
 Consente þou not. to such folye.  
 76 þat founden is so foul trespas.  
 And loke. þat nouȝer more ne las.  
 þi lykyng. on þat lust be lent.  
 Leste þou synge. þis songe allas.  
 80 For brekyng. of cristes comaundement.

- ¶ þi neiȝhebers wyf. coueyte þou nouȝt.  
 Vnleuefully. a-ȝeynes þe lawe.  
 Wiȝ hire to sunge. in word ne þouȝt.  
 84 And from þat deede. euer þou þe drawe.  
 And neuer sey. to hire no sawe.  
 To make hire. to synne assent.  
 Ne plese hire not. *with* no mis plawe.  
 88 But kep wel. cristes comaundement.

- S**ynne pou not in leccherie ;  
 Such lust vnleefful, lete it passe .  
 Consente pou not to þat folie  
 60 þat founden it is so <sup>1</sup>foule a trespase. [1 Page 52.]  
 ¶ And loke pou, neiþer more ne lasse  
 þi likinge on þat lust be lent,  
 Lest þou singe þis song ' alas  
 64 For brekinge of cristis comaundement.' lest thou repent it.
- S**tele pou nouzt of þi neiȝboris þing'  
 Neiþer wiþ stilnes ne with strijf,  
 Ne with no maner of wrongt geetynge,  
 68 þi silf, þi seruauñt, child, ne wijf.  
 ¶ To bie & sille if pou be rijfe,  
 Loke euere þat wrongt away be went :  
 If pou wolt han euerlastinge lijf,  
 72 Kepe weel cristis comaundement. Cheat not in buying and selling.
- F**als witnes, loke þat pou noon bare ;  
 If pou wolt in blis a-bide,  
 þi neiȝbore wilfulli pou ne dere,  
 76 Ne noon þat woneþ þee biside ;  
 ¶ But loke þat no man be anoied  
 If pou may him from harmes hent,  
 And helpe þat falshede were distroied,  
 80 And kepe weel cristis comaundement. Help to destroy falsehood.
- P**i neiȝboris wijf, coueite pou nouzt'  
 Vnleeffulli, azens þe lawe,  
 Wiþ hir to synne in dede or þouzt,  
 84 But from þe dede euere pou drawe,  
 ¶ And ceesse, & seie to hir no sawe  
 To make hir for to synne assent,  
 Ne please hir not with no nyce plawe,  
 88 But kepe weel cristis comaundement. IX. Covet not thy neighbour's wife, [Page 53.]  
 and say and do nothing to make her assent to sin.

- ¶ þi neiȝhebors hous. wenche ne knaue.  
 Vnskilfully. coueyte þou nouht.  
 Ne ȝit his good. *with* wrong to haue.
- 92 For hit. lest þou to bale be brouht.  
 For whon þe soþe. schal vp be souht.  
 Ȝif þou in to þis sunnes assent.  
 Ful bitterly. hit mot be bouȝt.
- 96 For brekyng of cristes. Comaundement.
- ¶ Vche mon þat wol. þis lessun lere.  
 And loueþ. a laweful lyf. to lede.  
 He may not misse. on none manere.
- 100 þe merþe of heuene. to his mede.  
 For crist *him* here. wol helpe *and* hede.  
 And heþene. in to heuene hent.  
 For-þi I. preye. þat crist vs spede.
- 104 Kuyndely to kepe. his comaundement.



- T**hi neiȝboris hous, wenche, ne knawe,  
 Vnleeffulli coueite þou nouȝt,  
 Ne oþir good, wrongt to haue,  
 92 Lest þou for it to bale be brouȝt.  
 ¶ For whazne þe soope schal be up souȝt,  
 If þou to þis syzne assent,  
 Ful bittirli it schal be bouȝt  
 96 For brekinge of cristis comaundement.
- E**ch man þat wole þis lessoun lere,  
 And louep a lawful lijf to lede,  
 He ne may mys on no manere  
 100 þe myrþis of heuen to haue to meede;  
 ¶ For crist wole him heere helpe at nede,  
 For from hens to heuene be wole him hent,  
 For-þi praie we þat crist us spede  
 104 Kindeli to kepe his comaundement. Amen.
- Covet not thy  
 neighbour's  
 house, maid, or  
 man,  
 for at the Last  
 Day thou shalt  
 pay bitterly for it.
- No man who  
 learns this lesson  
 can miss the joys  
 of Heaven,  
 for Christ will  
 take him there.  
 Let us pray Him  
 that we may keep  
 His Command-  
 ments.

[“There is no creatour but oon,” printed pp. 18-21, follows here in the MS.]

## The Sixtene Poyntis of Charite.

[Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 42; written  
without breaks, except lines 6-12, 21-4.]

Man, remember  
whence thou  
earnest, and  
whither thou  
goest,

and that hereafter  
thou may'st see  
thy Lord as His  
chosen child in  
Charity.

Man's highest  
task is to live a  
just life.

God told St. Paul  
in the third

heaven the 16  
points of Charity.

Though I speak  
with angels'  
tongues, and have  
not Charity, I am  
but as a brazen  
cymbal.

[Page 43.]  
And though I can  
move mountains,  
I am worthless if  
I want Charity.

- M**An, among' þi myrþis haue in mynde  
From whens þou come & whidir þou teendis,  
How freeli þou fallist' & filist' þi kinde !  
4 Arise & make of<sup>1</sup> þi mys ameendis,  
¶ þat' of þis world whazne þou out' wendis,  
þou maist' in heuene þi lord god se  
Among' hise apostolis & dere freendis  
8 As a chosen child in charitee.
- T**he hizest' lessoun þat' man may lere  
Is to lyue iust' lijf, if þou wolst' loke,  
Yf þou haue grace to holde & heere,  
12 Is playnli printid in poulis booke.  
¶ For god to poul þis lessoun tooke  
in þe þridde heuen, hizest' of þre,  
Euery man to cunne & looke  
16 þe sixtene propirtees of charitee.
- T**houz y speke, seip seint' poule,  
'As aungils doon, or with mennis tunge,  
If charite be not' in þi soule,  
20 I am but' as a brasen sýmbal songt.  
¶ And þouz my bileue be neuere so strongt'  
So þat' mounteyns be mened bi feip of me,  
I am not' worthi to god so longe  
24 As me wantiþ charite.

<sup>1</sup> of in margin.

- T**houȝ y to poore men ȝeue al my good,  
 And my bodi to brenne þere hoot fier ys,  
 And charite be not in my mood,
- 28 It profitiþ me not to heuen blis.  
 ¶ But for god wolde it schulde not mys  
 To knowe in charite whanne we be,  
 He tauȝte poul to teche al his
- 32 þe .xvj. Poyntis of charite.
- ¶ And though I  
 give my body to  
 be burnt, and  
 have not Charity,  
 it profits nothing.
- God told Paul to  
 teach his disciples  
 the 16 points of  
 Charity.
- ¶ Charite, he seiþ, 'is pacient,  
 Alle disesis meekli suffringe,  
 Benigne also in hir entent,
- 36 Kindelid *with* fier of good lyuyng;  
 ¶ Neuere enuyose for ony þing  
 To freend ne foo, whepir it be,  
 But euere glad to goddis plesing
- 40 To cherische alle men in charitee.
- ¶ 1. Charity is  
 patient, and
2. Benign,
3. Never envious,
- ¶ Charite dooþ neuere wickidli  
 Bi purpos of wil, ne wickid dede,  
 Ne blowen <sup>1</sup>is *with* pride pouȝ sche be welþi,
- 44 For to greue god is hir moost drede;  
 ¶ For in helle depe schal be her meede,  
 A low wiþ lucifer for to be  
 þat for blynde pride wole take noon hede
- 48 lowli to lyue in charite.
- ¶ 4. Never does  
 wickedly,
- <sup>1</sup> [Page 44.]  
 5. Is not puffed  
 up with pride,
- ¶ Charite is not coueitose toold  
 Of worschipe ne of wronge wynnynge,  
 For wiþ ypocritis sche may not holde,
- 52 Ne consente *with* wrong getyng.  
 ¶ Sche sechiþ not hir owne þing  
 For hindringe of neiȝboris þat myȝte be,  
 For manye perels ben in pletynge
- 56 þat acorden not *with* charitee.
6. Desires no  
 honour or wrong  
 gain,
7. Seeketh not her  
 own,

8. Is not easily  
provoked,

**C**harite wole no þing be wroop  
For harmes þat hir silf may hent,  
But for to synne, al oonli is hir loof,

60 Aȝens goddis comaundement.

9. Thinketh no  
evil,

¶ Charitee þenkiþ noon yuel in hir entent,  
But stintiþ strijf, & stoondiþ free ;  
Al yuel wil, it wolde were went,

64 And chaungid al for charite.

[Page 45.]  
10. Rejoiceth not  
in iniquity, but

**O**f wickidnes charite is not glad,  
Bi lauzter ne bi no likinge,  
But euere sobre, soft, & sad,

68 In þouȝt, in word, & in worching.

11. Rejoiceth in  
the truth.

¶ To riȝt & troupe is her ioiying,  
To maynteine truþe where-euere sche be,  
With feiþful and true folk Is hir dwelling,

72 For suche ben chosen in charite.

12. Charity  
beareth all things,

**A**lle þingis sche beriþ vp meekeli,  
For al hir wronge schal turne to game ;  
Sche falliþ not vnder for vilonye,

76 For los, for sijknes, ne for schame.

13. Believeth all  
things,

¶ Alle þingis sche trowiþ wiþ-out fame  
þat goddis lawe techiþ truþe to be,  
And bidip þerbi for ony blame,

80 For suche ben children of charitee.

14. Hopeth all  
things,

**A**lle þingis sche hopiþ to haue in blis ;  
For suche sche suffriþ & serueþ heere ;  
For of mercy sche may not mys

84 þat þis lesson wole loue & lere.

15. Endureth all  
things.

¶ Sche abidiþ alle þingis with good chere  
þouȝ sche pinke longe þe eende to se,  
For of reward sche hap no were

88 þat þus abidiþ in charite.

**C**harite fallip neuere a-way  
 From him þat it in charite vole holde,  
 Bifore ne aftir domys day,  
 92 But encressip in blis an hundrid folde.  
 ¶ Whanne al tresour is tried & tolde,  
 Al help to blis is in þese þre,  
 Feip, hope, & charite, nopinge colde ;  
 96 þe mooste of hem is charite.'

16. Charity never  
 falleth.

All help to blis  
 is in these three :  
 Faith, Hope,  
 Charity :  
 and the greatest  
 of these is  
 Charity.

**B**i charite, man, þou must loue more  
 God þan silf, þe soop to say,  
 For þis is þe lord-is owne lore,  
 100 With al þi power him please & pay ;  
 ¶ Thi neiȝbore also, wiþ-oute nay,  
 Loue as þi silf saaf to bee ;  
 To freend & fo holde faste þi fay,  
 104 And chaunȝe þou neuere fro charite.

It makes thee  
 love God above  
 thyself,

and thy neighbour  
 as thyself.

**I**f we þis lessoun we loue & leere,  
 And take it truli to oure entent,  
 We schulen haue knowinge good & cleere  
 108 Who ben blamelees & who ben schent.  
 God, þat hast us oure lijf lent,  
 Graunte þat we may oure <sup>1</sup>silf to enserche  
 & se,  
 As þou for us on roode were rent,  
 112 þou chese us to þee for charite. A-M-E-N.

If we learn this  
 lesson, we shall  
 know who will be  
 blest and who  
 punisht.

[<sup>1</sup> Page 47.]  
 God grant that  
 Christ may choose  
 us, for His love.

[“Every man schulde teche þis lore,” printed pp. 104-5, follows  
 here in the MS.]

# Quindecim Signa ante diem Iudicij.

[MS. B. 11. 24, Trinity College, Cambridge;  
ab. 1450, A.D.]

Lord of Heaven,

have mercy on us!

I will tell of the  
xv. Signs before  
Doomsday.

I. Rain shall fall,  
bitter as gall,

red as blood,

and overwhelm  
the whole world,

and terrify chil-  
dren unborn.

II. The Stars  
shall fall from  
heaven.

- Kynge of grace, & ful of pyte,  
Lord of heuyn, I-blyssyd pou be!  
Haue mercy on vs, we the beseche,  
4 Or we lese our wytt & speche!  
xv. tokenys telle I may  
That shal come before doomys day,  
As it is seyde yn the prophecy,  
8 In the book of Jeremye.  
Herkenyth now þe tokenynge  
That þe firste day shal brynge:  
Fro heuyn shal a rayne falle,  
12 Hit shal be byttyr as eny galle,  
Hytt shall be as red as any blod,  
Ouyr all þe worlle a grymly flod;  
Hytt schalle ouergo wyth large mett  
16 Alle that ys in erth I-sett:  
The chylderyn vn-born Aferd shall be  
Of thys tokenynge, as I telle the,  
And meue hem tyll our Syth  
20 Ryth as þey speke myth.  
The secunde day ys stronge *with* alle:  
The sterrys shal fro heuyn falle,  
So dredfulle and so breyth  
24 As the fyre off þe dondyr lyth.



- Men schalle say, "welle-away!  
 Thys ben the tokenys off domys day!"  
 They schall cry & syke sore,
- 28 And say, "lord, mercy, thyn ore<sup>1</sup>!" [1 MS. thynore]  
 The iiij<sup>de</sup> day ys off syche: III. The Sun  
 In erthe and in heuyn-ryche  
 The hye son thatt ys so bryth,
- 32 So fayr, and so full off lyth,  
 Hitt shalle be swarte as any pyche: shall turn black  
 Alle thatt shall be rewlyche. as pitch.  
 Men schalle þen sone se
- 36 Att mydday hytt shalle swarte be;  
 All thatt ben on lyve  
 Schalle thys wordys dryve,  
 "Alas thatt we scholle Abyde
- 40 To se þis sorowe in Euery syde!"  
 The iiij<sup>te</sup> day ys swythe longe, IV. Everything  
 With wepyng & wyth sorow Amonge:  
 All þat in erthe stonde  
 on earth shall  
 44 Schall to red blod wende; turn into red  
 They schalle drawe hem to þe grownde, blood  
 Ther schalle they dwelle butt no stownde,  
 To the see þey schalle for drede,  
 and flee to the sea.
- 48 Ryth as moyses the prophytt sayde,  
 Thatt the mone schalle rewly falle  
 And wynd outt of hys reche stalle.  
 The man schalle say to hys wyff  
 The Moon shall  
 52 "Alas þatt we be nowe Alyve!" fall from heaven.  
 The v<sup>te</sup> day comyth swythe;  
 For euery best þatt ys on lyve,  
 Toward heuyn her hedd schall holde.
- 56 For thatt wonþer As y yowe tollde,  
 Men schalle say, "lord, thyn ore  
 Off our sorowe & off our sore!"  
 Thys tellyth the prophecy  
 Men shall pray  
 60 In þe booke of Jeromy. God mercy,

and ask Christ to  
bring them to  
bliss.

[<sup>1</sup> Omitted, and  
inserted in  
Margin.]

VI. The Trees  
shall turn upside  
down,

and children  
shall die.

VII. All castles  
shall fall down.  
[<sup>2</sup> MS. down]

The hills shall  
be lowerd, and fill  
up the valeys,

so that all the  
earth shall be  
even.

VIII. A day of  
dread.

The Sea will rise  
and flee,

and be driven up  
to the clouds by  
the wind.

All living

will wish to be  
hid under the  
earth.

Welle wē schalle vndyrstonde  
Thatt cristyndom hatt vnperfonge.

“Thatt day, *Ihesus* to vs se

64 As þou<sup>1</sup> vs bowtyst vppon a tre,

Thatt we may com to þy blysse

Lord, when þy wille ys!”

The vj day schall down Falle

68 The treys *with* þe croppys alle,

And toward þe erthe the croppys schalle be.

For fere the man schalle lese hys wyff,

The wyff her chyld, þe chyld his lyff;

72 Alle thatt leve schall lese here wytte;

Wo they be thatt schalle a-byde hytte,

Bettyr they were to be oute off lyve

Than soche payne for to dryve.

76 The vij day schalle fall down

Chyrche and castelle and euery town<sup>2</sup>;

All schall to-breke; and euery hylle

Shalle lowe, valeys For to Fylle;

80 The erthe schalle [be] shene and clene;

In þis worlde alle schalle be evyn;

Than schalle þe worlde evyn be:

Wo ys he þat thatt schalle se!

84 The viij day ys a day off drede,

Ryth as moyses þe prophytt seyde

Thatt the see woll ryse & fle,

Thatt euery best aferd schall be;

88 Than for drede hytt woll ryse & flowe

*With* wawys grete, & stormys towe:

Thorowe the strength off þe wynd

Into the Welken hitt schall slynge;

92 All thatt leuyth þatt day

Wold fle away, but þey ne may;

Vndyr erthe I-hydd they wold be

Thatt *Ihesu* cryst scholl nott hem Ase.

96 Then wolle the see wytdrawe,



- And wend to hys owyn hawe.  
 Godd of heuyn, þat best may,  
 Haue mercy on vs vppon þatt day !
- 100 The ix day, wondyr hytt ys,  
 As the prophecy tellyth hytt I-wys :  
 Thatt all þynge schall speke þan,  
 And cry in erthe aftyr þe steuyn off man,
- 104 And be-mone hem self in owr syȝth  
 Ryth as þey speke myth.  
 Lord Ihesu, thy myth þou fullfelle !  
 We be sorry þatt we dede agayu þi wille
- 108 Or *with* towyth or *with* dede.  
 Lord Ihesu ! brenge vs oute of þis drede  
 Thatt we may com to rest !  
 Ther bale ys most, & bote ys nexte.
- 112 The .x. day ys day of welaway  
 As gregory sayth, and Jeromy :  
 Than schalle knele þe angelys bryth  
 Before þe face of godd allmyth.
- 116 Seynt peter, noþer his felow-redde,  
 Dar nott speke A word for drede ;  
 They schalle se heuyn vngo,<sup>1</sup>  
 And þe erthe schall Also,
- 120 They schalle schryke & crye lome  
 For þe drede of þe grett dome.  
 Develyn schall com oute off helle  
 As seynt Johan doyth vs tell,
- 124 They schalle kry, "lord, thyn ore  
 Off our sorowe & of our sore !  
 Lett vs to heuyn com !  
 Longe þou hast hytt vs be-nome
- 128 For our gylt, and our mysdede,  
 And for our awyn wykkyd rede !"  
 Thys ys a day of moche sorowe ;  
 A strongyr comyth on the morrowe ,
- 132 The xi day comyth lyche,

IX. As the prophecy tells,

all things on earth shall speak with the voice of man and bemoan themselves.

Jesu, bring us from this dread to rest, with Thee!

X. A day of lamentation.

The Angels shall kneel before God.

Peter and his companions shall not dare to speak. Heaven and earth shall perish. [<sup>1</sup> O.H.G. *intgan*, to perish.—Bradley.]

Devils shall come out of hell,

and pray God to

let them come back into heaven.

XI. Great storms

shall rage;  
all rocks and  
stones shall clash  
together,

and all the world  
split asunder.

The Rainbow  
shall be twisted,

and the Devils  
shall run back to  
hell.

[1 ? war be]

XII. This day  
is dreadful.

Angels shall fall

at God's feet for  
us.

Lord, be merciful!

XIII. Of this day

no one can tell  
half the sorrow.

All the stones on  
earth

shall drive  
against one  
another

With stronge stormys sykyrlyche,  
And alle the stonys moche & lyte  
Scholle to-gedyr sore smyte;

136 Alle the worlle schalle to-dryve;  
Wo be þey þatt ben on lyve!

The rayn bowe Iwryyd schalle be,  
Grymlyche In syȝth for to see.

140 Than the deuelyn schalle swyde ren,  
And for fere to helle torn;  
God wille say, "ther schull ye be,  
Ther schall ye wone & be war<sup>1</sup>:"

144 God grownte so to be-tyde  
Thatt we may be on bettyr syde!  
The xij day ys dredfulle than;  
For than was neuer schappe of man

148 That wolle þatt god dyd hym ryth,  
Yff he dyst, & most of myth.

Angelys thatt hym seruyn alle,  
Scholl for vs vpon kneys falle,  
To goddys feett for our syn;  
And for the loue of all man kyn.

Lord we be-seche the  
In þi mercy for to be!  
156 Dredfully comyth the xiiij day  
To all þatt Abyde hytt may.

Fro the begynnyng of Adamys com  
Tylle the end of þe day of doome,  
160 Ne myth no man in booke rede  
Half the sorow, noþer half þe drede,  
That god schalle say than  
When he comyth down yn schappe of man;

164 For alle the stonys grett and smale  
Thatt byth in erthe withoutyn tale,  
All they schalle to-gedyr drynge,  
And euerychon to oþer dyng;

168 They schall ryse & grynd so

- Thatt þe fyr fro hem schalle go ;  
 They schall bren also bryth  
 As þe fyr of þe dondyr lyth.
- 172 The xiiij day ys A day of sorowe ;  
 Stronge fyr schalle com on þe morow,  
 Ther schalle nothyng in þys worlde leve  
 Butt schalle bren to morow tyll eve.
- 176 Thys passyth nott swythe sone ;  
 On the morow ys þe day of doome.  
 The xv day comyth swythe :  
 For euery man þat was on lyve
- 180 Fro Adamys tyme, the fyrst man,  
 Alle to the dome schalle com than,  
 Euery man of xxx<sup>ti</sup> wynter olde,  
 All schall com þe dome to be-holde ;
- 184 Euery man schalle opere mete  
 Att the mownte of olevett.  
 Two angelys schall blowe her bemys ;  
 The folke schall com alle attonys.
- 188 Fulle sore than they may Agryse  
 Whan they shulle to þe dome aryse ;  
 Two angelys schall com be-forne  
 With þe scorges, and with the crowne of thorn,
- 192 With drewry cher and sory mode,  
 As hytt on hys hedd stode ;  
 And the sper al so scharpe  
 As hytt stod on hys hertt.
- 196 For no enuy, ne for no pryde,  
 Longeus hym stonge dorow þe syde :  
 Longeus then styll stode,  
 On hys fyngorys ran þe blod,
- 200 He strokyd ther-with hys eyn ryth,  
 They be-coom as cler as candyllth.  
 "Kynge and lord full of pyte,  
 Thys mys-gylt þou for-yeue me !
- 204 I dyd hyt for non evyll dede,

so that fire shall  
fly from them

like lightning.

XIV. Fire shall  
come in the  
morning, and  
burn up every  
thing on earth  
till the evening.

XV. The Day of  
Doom.  
All men that  
have livd since  
Adam's time,

every one, made  
80 years old,  
shall come

to Mount Olivet.

Two angels shall  
blow their  
trumpets,

two shall bring  
the scourges that  
beat Christ, and  
the Crown of  
Thorns,

as it stood on  
His head,  
with the spear,

as it stood on His  
heart.  
(Longeus, the  
soldier, did not  
pierce Christ  
from envy or  
pride, but

put Christ's  
blood on his eyes,  
and they became  
as clear as candle-  
light.  
'Piteous Lord,  
forgive me, who  
pierst Thee, my  
guilt !')

- Angels shall  
bring the Cross  
and bloody Nails.
- Then Christ, sad,  
shall come,
- and say, "Man,  
see what I  
sufferd for thee!
- I was  
crown'd with  
thorns.  
And thou lovedst  
to swear by My  
eyes, hair, and  
pains,
- My five wounds,  
teeth, tongue,  
heart, lungs,
- side, brains and  
head,  
[<sup>1</sup> ? heed]  
nay, My soul.
- Such shame thou  
didst Me!
- Thou woldst not  
feed or help Me.
- What hast thou  
sufferd for Me?"  
Then comes Our  
Lady, weeping  
tears of blood,
- and saying,  
"King and Lord,  
my sweet Son,  
[<sup>2</sup> thee]  
grant me to-day  
my prayer!  
Lose not Thy  
handiwork
- No<sup>per</sup> for no covetyse of mede."  
Angelys schall brenge þe rode bryth,  
With blody naylys precyous of syth.
- 208 Then comyth our lord with drewry mode,  
Wyth armys I-spred all on blod:  
"Man, now þe soth þou mayst I-se,  
Whatt I sufferd her for the.
- 212 Thys passyon I sufferd her for þe:  
I-cronyd I was with thornys of a tre;  
Thys was to the leff for to swere  
Be my eyn & be myn here,
- 216 And be my paynys that wher stronge.  
Man, hytt was þe fulle ryve  
To swere be my wowndys fyve,  
Be my tethe And my tonge,
- 220 Be my hertt and be my longe,  
Hytt thowyth the fulle grett pryde  
For to swere be my syde,  
Be my brayne & be my hedd;<sup>1</sup>
- 224 be my sowle I was ofte be-revyd.  
Man, hytt was full grett dyspyte  
So ofte to make me edwyte!  
Thou woldyst nott clothe me, ne fede,
- 228 Thou woldyst nott helpe me att my nede!  
Man ofte þou hast for-sworn me!  
Man what sufferst þou for me?"  
Than comyth our lady hem be-fore—
- 232 In blyssyd tyme was she I-bore—  
With terys rennyng alle on blodd,  
Sore wepyng with drewry modd;  
"Fadyr, & son, and holygost,
- 236 Kynge and lord as þou wost,  
My swete son, I praye de<sup>2</sup>  
My bone to day þou grawnt me!  
Thy honde warke þat þou hast wrowyth,
- 240 My dere son, for-lese hem nowhte!

- Thou bowst hem wyth þy blodd  
 And with þy flessch vpon þe rode ;  
 My swete son, I pray the
- 244 For all mankynd þat I may be ;  
 Graw[n]te hem þy swete blysse,  
 None of hem þatt þou ne mysse."  
 "Modyr, thy wille I-fullfyllid shall be,
- 248 Thy bone to day I grawnt hytt þe ;  
 The goode y wille lese nowth,  
 My hondwerke that I haue wrowth.  
 Thys þatt walde nott serue me,
- 252 My blysse schalle they neuere se,  
 Into payne they schalle wende,  
 To haue<sup>1</sup> hytt euere withoutyn ende.  
 My chyldryn þat haue seruyd me,
- 256 In my blysse they schall euere be ;  
 Ye scholl com with me to heuyn  
 With angelys songe and mery steuyn.  
 And he clepyth hym be-fore,—
- 260 In blyssyd tyme wer they I-bore,—  
 He spekyth to hem myldelyche,  
 'Comyth with me to my kyngdome ryche.'"  
 Lord we be-seche þe
- 264 Thy swete blysse þatt we mott se ;  
 When we com to oure lyvys ende,  
 Into thy blysse þat we mot wende,  
 And grawnt vs thatt hytt so be !
- 268 Amen, Aimen, lord, For charite !

bought with Thy  
 blood !

I pray Thee,  
 grant all men Thy  
 bliss ;

miss none !"

"Mother, thy  
 will shall be done.

I will not lose the  
 good.

Those who would  
 not serve Me

shall go to ever-  
 lasting torment.  
 [I have repeated  
 in MS.]  
 My children, who  
 have servd Me,

shall come with  
 Me to heaven."

Lord, grant us  
 to see Thy bliss  
 when we die !

Amen !

[For the meaning of l. 182, see Hampole's *Pricke of Conscience*,  
 ed. Morris, 1863, p. 135, ll. 4983-90 :

þan sal alle ryse in þe same eld þan  
 þat God had fully here als man . . . .  
 þan was he of threty yhere elde, and twa,  
 And of thre monethes þar-with als wa ;  
 In þat elde alle sal ryse at the last  
 When þai here þe grete bernes blast.]

[For *dorow* through, l. 197, and *de thee*, l. 237, compare *The  
 English Conquest of Ireland*, E. E. T. Soc.]



# Who can not Wepe, com lerne of me.

(THE VIRGIN'S SONG OVER HER DEAD SON.)

[MS. O. 9. 38, Trin. Coll. Cambridge. Written  
mostly as prose.]

A woman fair  
sat weeping

over her dead son  
lying in her lap,

lamenting  
how Jesus  
was robbed of  
His life,

saying, "Who  
cannot weep,  
come learn of  
me."

"I cannot weep."

"Nature shall  
make thee;

thy father is  
dead;

my son is robbed  
of his life."

- Sodenly A-frayd, halfe wakyng, halfe slepyng,  
2 and gretly dysmayd, A woman sate wepyng,  
With fauour in here face far passyng my reson;  
And of here sore wepyng þis was þe encheson:  
Here sone yn here lappe layd, sche seyde, sleyn  
by treson:  
6 yf wepyng myȝt rype be, hit semyd then yn seson.  
Ihesus, so sche sobbed,  
so here sone was bobbed  
9 And of hys lyue robbed;  
Seynge thys wordys as y sey the,  
11 "Who can not wepe, com lerne of me."  
12 y seyde y cowde not wepe, y was so hard hertyd.  
Sche answerde me schortly with wordys þat  
smartyd,  
"Lo, nature schall meve þe; þow must be  
conuerted,  
15 thyn owne fadyr thys nyȝth ys dede:" thys  
sche twhertyd:  
"Ihesus, so my sone ys bobbed,  
and of hys lyue robbed.  
18 ffor soth then y sobbed

Veryfyng thys wordys, seyng to the,  
Who can not wepe com lerne at me."

"Now, breke hert, y the praye! thys cord lyeth  
so rulye,  
So betyn, so woundyd, Entretyd so fuly.  
What wyzt may be-hold, and wepe not? none  
truly,

to see my ded dyre sone bledyng, lo, thys  
newly!"

Euer styлле schee sobbed,  
So here sone was bobbed,

And of hys lyue robbed.  
Newyng these wordys, as y sey the,

"Who can not wepe, com lerne at me."

On me sche cast here yee, and seyde, "see, man,  
thy brother!"  
Sche kyste hym, and seyde, "swete, am y not  
thy modyr?"  
And swonyng schee fylle; ther hyt wold be no  
nothyr:

y not whych more dedlye, the tone or the todyr.  
yett sche reuyued, and sobbed  
how here sone was bobbed,

& of hys lyue robbed.  
"Who can not wepe," thys ys the lay,  
And with that wordys schee vanyschyd  
A-way.

"Break, my heart!  
for my son so fuly used."  
  
Who could see him and not weep?"  
  
So still she sobbed how her son was slain.  
  
She kissed him;  
  
she swooned;  
  
and reviving, she sobbed how her son was bobbed,  
  
and then vanished away.



## The Death of Archbishop Scrope

(WHO WAS BEHEADED, 8 JUNE, 1405).

[From MS. R. 4. 20, Trin. Coll. Cambridge, on a  
blank leaf at the end of Lydgate's *Siege of Thebes*.]

Wise Bish  
Scrope  
is dead,

but by Mary's  
help he may  
rise to heaven.

On the hill  
he took  
his death right  
willingly.

His executioner  
knelt to him  
and askt his  
forgiveness.

He granted it,  
begging for five  
strokes  
to send him  
to heaven.

Hay, hay, hay, hay, thynke oñ Whitsonmonday!  
The bysshop Scrope that was so wyse,  
Nowe is he dede, and lowe he lyse;  
To hevyns blys yhit may he ryse,  
5 Thurghe helpe of Marie, that mylde may, hay!

When he was broght vnto the hylle,  
He held hym both mylde and styлле;  
He toke his deth *with* fulle gode wylle,  
9 As I haue herde fulle trewe men say; hay!

He that shulde his dethe be,  
He kneled downe vppon his kne:  
"Lord, your deth, forgyffe it me,  
13 Fulle hertly here to yowe I pray;" hay!

"Here I wylle the commende:  
*thou* gyff me fyve strokys *with* thy hende,  
And theñ my wayes *thou* latt me wende,  
17 To hevyns blys that lastys ay;" hay!

[Comp. Hall's Chronicle, *Hen. IV.* fol. xxv (ed. 1550). W. A. W.]

EXTRACT FROM *HALLE* AS TO ARCHBISHOP SCROPE'S  
DEATH, ED. 1542? (HY. ELLIS) FOL. XXV.

## KYNG HENRY THE .IIII.

### ¶ THE SIXT YERE.

**I**N this yere the Earle of Northumber-  
lande, which bare styll a venomous  
scorpion in his cankered heart, and coude  
not desist to inuent and deuise waies and meanes howe  
to be reuenged of kyng Henry and his fautours, began  
secretely to communicate his interior imaginacions and  
priue thoughtes with Richard Scrop, Archebishop of  
Yorke, brother to william lord Scrop, treasurer of  
England, whome kyng Henry (as you have heard) be  
headed at the towne of Bristow, and with Thomas  
Mowberey, erle Marshal, sonne to Thomas duke of  
Norffolke, for kyng Henries cause before banished  
the realme of England, and with the lordes, Hast-  
ynges, Fauconbridge, Bardolfe, and diuerse other  
whiche he knewe to beare deadely hate and inward  
grudge toward the kyng. After long consultacion  
had, it was finally concluded and determined amongst  
theym, that all they, their frendes and alies, with all  
their power, should mete at Yorkeswold at a day  
appointed, and that therle of Northumberland should  
be chefetaine and supreme gouernour of the armie,  
which promised to bring with him a great number of  
Scottes.

This sedicious conspiracye was not so secretly kept,  
nor so closely clokod, but that the kyng therof had  
knowledge, and was fully aduertised. wherfore to pre-  
uent the time of their assembly, he, with suche power  
as he could sodainly gather together, with all diligence

The vi  
yere.

The Earl of  
Northumberland  
conspird with

Archbishop  
Scrope,

Earl Mowbray,

and others against

Henry,

and all agreed to

meet at Yorkes-  
wold on a day  
appointed.

But before this  
Henry marcht  
northwards,

and apprehended  
Archbishop  
Scrope and others,

who were all  
doomed to die on  
Whit-Monday

outside York.

Seditious Asses  
said that at the  
Archbishop's  
execution,

when he askt for  
5 strokes, re-  
membring  
*Christ's 5 wounds*,  
King Henry had  
5 strokes in the  
neck;

which is a lie.

What shall we

think of these  
beastly persons,

these jugglers and  
railers?

Let wise men  
judge.

marched toward the North parties, and vsed suche a celeritie in his iourney that he was thither come with all his hoste and power before the confederates hearde any inkelyng of his marchyng forward; and sodainly there wer apprehended the archebishop, the earle Marshall, sir John Lampley, and sir Robart Plumpton. These personnes wer arrained, atteinted, and adindged to die; and so on the Monday in Whytson weke all they withoute the Citie of Yorke were beheaded.

Here of necessitie I ought not, nor will not, forgeate how some foolishe and fantastick personnes haue wrytten, howe erronius Ippocrites and sedicyous Asses haue endited, howe superstitious Fryers and malycious Monkes haue declared and diuulged—bothe contrary to goddes doctrine, the honoure of their prince, and common knowen veritie—that at the howre of the execucion of this Bishop (which of the Execucioner desired to haue fiue strokes in remembraunce of the fiue woundes of Christ) the kyng at the same tyme syttyng at diner had .v. strokes in his necke by a person inuisible, & was incontiently striken with a leprey; which is a manifest lye, as you shall after plainly perceiue.

What shall a man say of suche writers whiche toke upon them to knowe the secretes of Goddes iudgement? what shall men thinke of suche beastly persones, whiche, regardyng not their bounden dutie and obeisance to their prynce & souerain Lorde, enuied the punishment of traiters and torment of offenders? But what shall all men coniecture of suche whyche, fauor-ynge they owne worldly dignitie, their owne priuat auctorite, their owne peculiar profit, wyl thus iuggle, raile, and imagine fantasies agaynst their soueraigne lorde and Prince, and put them in memorye as a miracle to his dyshonor and perpetuall infamy? well let wyse men iudge what I haue said.

## GLOSSARY.

- Abie, p. 26, l. 130; p. 96, l. 22, pay for, atone for; A.S. *abigan*.  
 Abowe, p. 97, l. 69, bow, bend, humble.  
 Adwiten, p. 70, l. 396, blame, accuse; A.S. *adwitan*.  
 Azenleid, p. 94, l. 100, denied.  
 Aggregidist, p. 52, l. 346, *aggreger*, to aggravate. Cotgrave.  
 Agryse, p. 123, l. 188, A.S. *agrysan*, to fear.  
 Amongt, p. 81, l. 59, at intervals, 'amonge, or sum tyme, *interdum, quandoque*.' P. Parv.  
 Apeece, p. 71, l. 433, Fr. *appeler*, to accuse, appeach, or charge with. Cot.  
 Aslake, p. 80, l. 47, A.S. *aslacian*, slacken, dissolve.  
 Aslope, p. 54, l. 427, aside.  
 Asswage, p. 79, l. 10, quiet down; Fr. *assourager*, to assuage, quiet, still, pacifie. Cot.  
 Attir, p. 24, l. 62, poisonous.  
 Anauntage, at his, p. 81, l. 70, in his power, control.  
 Awaite, p. 76, l. 593, ?watch.  
 Balke, p. 92, l. 47, baulk, a mess of his life.  
 Beerde, p. 13, l. 50, woman, maiden.  
 Beete, p. 12, l. 11, A.S. *gebetan*, to amend, atone for.  
 Bemys, p. 123, l. 186, trumpets; A.S. *beme*.  
 Bigoon, p. 16, l. 40, overwhelmed; A.S. *begdn*, to go over.  
 Bihatid, p. 82, l. 24, thoroughly hated.  
 Bihijt, p. 19, l. 52, promised; A.S. *behiten*.  
 Bikir, p. 46, l. 15, strife.  
 Binam, p. 92, l. 34, took away from; A.S. *benam*.  
 Bitake, p. 20, l. 74, commit; A.S. *betaccan*.  
 Bleere, p. 60, l. 78, mock, scorn; 'I gyue him the best counsayle I can, and the knaue *bleareth* his tonge at me, *tirer ta langue*.' Palsgrave.  
 Blynne, p. 97, l. 66, cease.  
 Blyue, p. 46, l. 177; p. 96, l. 30, quickly.  
 Bobbed, p. 126, l. 8, beaten; 'bobet on the heed, *coup de poing*.' Palsgrave.  
 Boone, p. 6, l. 21, prayer; A.S. *ben*.  
 Bote, p. 11, l. 104, remedy; A.S. *bót*.  
 Boteles, p. 108, l. 42, remediless.  
 Breme, p. 102, l. 31, ?not A.S. *breme*, glorious, but '*brym* or fers. *Ferus, ferox*.' Pr. Parv.  
 Broode, p. 37, l. 77, abroad, about.  
 Careful, p. 16, l. 39, full of care and trouble.  
 Cesoun, p. 42, l. 28, ?seizin, possession, or 'take a cesoun,' stay a season or time.  
 Chesoun, p. 42, l. 32, cause, reason; O.Fr. *achaison*, occasion.  
 Clene, p. 1, l. 7, pure; 'Clene, *mundus, purus*.' Pr. Parv.  
 Clennesse, p. 64, l. 197, purity.  
 Clinge, p. 85, l. 68; p. 89, l. 20, A.S. *clingan*, to wither, cling, or shrink up.  
 Conclude, p. 77, l. 605, shut up.  
 Contrarie, p. 37, l. 87, go contrary to.  
 Coorde, p. 38, l. 111, accord, agree.  
 Coost, p. 34, l. 63, Fr. *costé*, a coast or quarter. Cotgrave.  
 Countirtaille, p. 71, l. 416, Fr. *contre-taille*, the one part of a tallie, or score, already marked, or notched. Cotgrave.  
 Croppys, p. 120, l. 68, tops; A.S. *crop*, top, bunch, berry.  
 Cunne, p. 114, l. 15, A.S. *cunnan*, to know.

- Cus, p. 12, l. 22, kiss; A.S. *cus*, *cys*.
- Daswen, p. 68, l. 338, become dazed or dim; Du. *duyster*, dim.
- Delie, p. 95, l. 6, fear for?
- Delice, p. 78, l. 633; Delijs, p. 42, l. 43, Fr. *delices*, delights, pleasures.
- Dere, p. 110, l. 67, injure; A.S. *derian*.
- Derworpiest, p. 52, l. 352, A.S. *deorwurde*, precious, of great value.
- Diffence, p. 60, l. 63, Fr. *defense*, answer, argument.
- Disceyuable, p. 86, l. 7, deceitful.
- Discure, p. 63, l. 165, discover.
- Dispencc, p. 63, l. 157, gain, reward?
- Disperage, p. 74, l. 508, incongruity; O.Fr. *desparager*, to offer vnto, or impose on, a man vnfit, or unworthie conditions. Cot.
- Dondyr, p. 118, l. 24, thunder.
- Drewis, p. 60, l. 66, draughts.
- Drynge, p. 122, l. 166, A.S. *þringan*, throng, rush.
- Dwynne, p. 27, l. 176, dwindle; A.S. *dwincan*, to pine, fade, waste away.
- Edwyte, p. 124, l. 226, reproach, twitting; A.S. *edwite*, reproach, disgrace, contumely.
- Encheson, p. 10, l. 75, occasion; O.Fr. *achaison*.
- Ensure, p. 18, l. 9, cock sure.
- Entensioun, p. 21, l. 92, excuse, or mind.
- Eruest, p. 69, l. 350, harvest; A.S. *herfest*.
- Faite, p. 76, l. 595, deceive; O.Fr. *'faiteus*, criminel, coupable.
- Fare, p. 95, l. 13, goings on, ways, life.
- Fawe, p. 96, l. 28, fain, glad.
- Felle, p. 25, l. 92, fail, or fell.
- Fen, p. 26, l. 121, mire, mud.
- Fere, p. 38, l. 111, company; *in fere*, together.
- Fere, p. 86, l. 16, companion, person.
- Filist, p. 114, l. 3, defilest.
- Flaite, p. 75, l. 532, Du. *vleyden*, to flatter, to sooth, or to entice with faire [words]. Hexham.
- Fleme, p. 18, l. 17, banish; A.S. *flyman*.
- Florische, p. 89, l. 18, ornament, deck.
- Foisoun, p. 43, l. 64, Fr. *foison*, plentie, great fullnesse. Cot.
- Fondid, p. 8, l. 23, tried; A.S. *fandian*, to try.
- Foondi, p. 95, l. 13, try.
- Foonued, p. 96, l. 33, foolish?
- For, p. 19, l. 35, 40, because.
- Forbeere, p. 60, l. 76, restrain.
- Forclonge, p. 18, l. 31, A.S. *clingan*, to wither, pine, or shrink up; *forclungen*, shrunk.
- Forlete, p. 30, l. 250, A.S. *forletan*, to let go.
- Forþi, p. 24, l. 89, for that reason.
- Foulden, p. 73, l. 485, fold, bend.
- Frame, p. 44, l. 97, A.S. *frema*, profit, advantage.
- Frauzte, p. 76, l. 590, freight, load.
- Frike, p. 23, l. 26, glad, joyful; A.S. *frician*, to dance, frisk.
- Gesoun, p. 64, l. 206, Fr. *gesse*, a common sinke or sewer; a gutter for the voiding of ordure. Cotgr.
- Not. E. *geason*, rare, strange.
- Gist, p. 93, l. 63, show.
- Glewe, p. 29, l. 236, A.S. *gleow*, joy, mirth, glee.
- Grame, p. 63, l. 168, A.S. *grama*, anger, rage, wrath.
- Greede, p. 14, l. 73, greet, moan; A.S. *gretan*, to weep, cry out.
- Gril, p. 83, l. 12, sharp, unkind; O.N. *grila*. H. Coleridge.
- Hadde-y-wist, p. 73, l. 497, had-I-known (what would have happened), after-regret.
- Happe, p. 89, l. 26, wrap over, cover for defence; Isl. *hyppia*, Jamieson.
- Harewide, p. 53, l. 385, tore open.
- Hawe, p. 121, l. 97, A.S. *hæh*, hole, den.
- He, p. 59, l. 39, they.
- Hende, p. 7, l. 25, gentle.
- Hildande, p. 23, l. 55, beholden.
- Hirde, p. 17, l. 52, A.S. *hirde*, a shepherd.
- Ho, p. 14, l. 71, halt, stop.
- Homeli, p. 63, l. 163, familiar.
- Hore, p. 83, l. 13, hoar, hoariness.
- Hote, p. 41, l. 15, be called; A.S. *hátan*.
- Ilke, p. 23, l. 54, every.
- Insigt, p. 66, l. 250; p. 69, l. 339, 'insyght, *inspexio*, *circumspectio*. Promptorium.
- Kinde, p. 20, l. 59, nature.
- Kipe, p. 11, l. 92, show; A.S. *cyðtan*, to make known, declare, show.

- Kynde, p. 9, l. 53, nature; A.S. *ge-cynd*.  
 Kyndell, p. 8, l. 19, natural; A.S. *ge-cyndelic*.
- Lappid, p. 3, l. 50, wrapped; 'Lappyn, or whappyn yn clobys (happyn togedyr, wrap togeder in clothes). *Involvo*.' P. Parv.
- Laujt, p. 30, l. 249; p. 76, l. 586, caught, taken; A.S. *læccan*, to seize.
- Leeme, p. 52, l. 335, A.S. *leoma*, light, flame.
- Leepis, p. 47, l. 181; p. 72, l. 451, A.S. *leap*, a basket, hamper.
- Leere, p. 8, l. 5, teach; A.S. *læran*.
- Lees, p. 16, l. 45, lies.
- Leit, p. 48, l. 226; Leite, p. 52, l. 355, lightning; A.S. *lihting*.
- Lende, p. 23, l. 41, lent; A.S. *lened*.
- Lent, p. 105, l. 26, put away?; A.S. *lengde*, put off, *perf.* of *lengian*.
- Lete, p. 28, l. 186, leave, cease; A.S. *lætan*, let go.
- Lewide, p. 67, l. 303, lay, ignorant.
- Leye, p. 95, l. 2, field after the crop is cut, *clover ley*, &c.; ? not A.S. *lagu*, a district in which a certain law was in force.
- Likerose, p. 20, l. 55, lecherous.
- Likid, p. 8, l. 16, pleased.
- Liking, p. 3, l. 50, pleasant.
- Likinge, p. 92, l. 49; p. 93, l. 77, 81, lust.
- Likingly, p. 91, l. 20, pleasantly.
- List, p. 4, l. 3; A.S. *list*, wisdom, science, power, faculty; *lyst*, desire, love, admiration.
- Lome, p. 121, l. 120, frequently; A.S. *gelóme*.
- Maistrie, p. 20, l. 80, mastery, (see p. 33, l. 58,) ? not tricks.
- Mamillis, p. 1, l. 5, breasts, paps; Pappé, *Mamilla*. P. Parv.
- Maugre, p. 65, l. 215, reviling, railing; Fr. *maugréer*, to curse, reuile extremely, raile on despitfully.
- Mawmetis, p. 45, l. 118, idols.
- Medele, p. 20, l. 86, mingle.
- Meene, p. 1, l. 4, remember; A.S. *meccan*.
- Meete, p. 1, l. 6, food.
- Melle, p. 53, l. 387, meddle.
- Mengid, p. 59, l. 51, A.S. *menjian*, mix, mingle.
- Mett, p. 118, l. 15, measure; A.S. *metle*.
- Mydmore, p. 83, l. 17, mid-morning.
- Mynde, p. 9, l. 25, ? mention, or A.S. *myne*, memory.
- Mynne, p. 24, l. 78, remember.
- Myscheue, p. 90, l. 46, come to grief.
- Mystire, p. 76, l. 572, need; Fr. *mes-tier*, need, lacke, necessitie, want.
- Cotgrave.
- Nempne, p. 6, l. 7, name; A.S. *nemnan*.
- Newyng, p. 127, l. 28, renewing, repeating.
- Nuyzed, p. 106, l. 18, annoyed, troubled.
- Nyce, p. 53, l. 390, Fr. *niais*, a simple, witlesse, and vñexperienced gull.
- Nice*, lithér, lazie, sloathfull, dull, simple. Cot.
- Nym, p. 53, l. 371, take; A.S. *niman*, to take.
- Of, p. 98, l. 101, from.
- Ore, p. 119, l. 57, mercy.
- Ouerhope, p. 68, l. 331, too much confidence, sanguineness.
- Paieth, p. 24, l. 58, pleases.
- Pay, p. 14, l. 80, satisfaction, pleasure; *payé*, satisfied, contented. Cotgrave.
- Pilis, p. 64, l. 182, peels, holds, castles.
- Pijt, p. 3, l. 61, pitched; p. 4, l. 13; p. 94, l. 90, placed; p. 12, l. 16, put, dressed.
- Pooste, p. 43, l. 79, power.
- Port, p. 93, l. 85, mien.
- Prest, p. 45, l. 116, quickly.
- Prouz, p. 50, l. 288, advantage, profit; Fr. *prou*.
- Pure, p. 18, l. 11, purify.
- Pursue, p. 68, l. 328, follow, strive.
- Put, p. 73, l. 475, throw, casting.
- Queed, p. 6, l. 18, wicked one, devil; Dutch, *quaad*.
- Qwart, p. 23, l. 2, of good heart or cheer; O.F. *quor*, courage.
- Qweme, p. 18, l. 15, A.S. *cweman*, to please.
- Race, p. 48, l. 238, A.S. *ræs*, rush, attack; cp. mill*race*.
- Raper, p. 88, l. 16, earlier, sooner.
- Rapir, p. 86, l. 9, preferable.
- Releef, p. 47, l. 181, leavings.
- Remewe, p. 20, l. 69, remove.
- Rere, p. 70, l. 379, late. *Rere* suppers are complained of in Waddington



- (b. 1300), Robert of Brunne, 1303, A.D., and many other writers.  
 Rereage, p. 73, l. 483, arrears.  
 Reneþ, p. 30, l. 257, bereaves, takes away.  
 Riȝt, p. 46, l. 170, upright, straight.  
 Riȝfe, p. 92, l. 29, much; Du. *rijf*, rife, abundant.  
 Romage, p. 93, l. 60, roaming.  
 Rouȝte, p. 36, l. 38, recked; A.S. *rôhte*.  
 Rowne, p. 63, l. 163, whisper.  
 Rull, p. 10, l. 68, grievous; p. 89, l. 27, sad, mournful; A.S. *hreoſc*, grief, penitence; *hreoſclic*, cruel, mournful.  
 Ryve, p. 124, l. 217 (see *rijfe*), customary, frequent.  
 Sadli, p. 8, l. 7, fixedly.  
 Sale, p. 57, l. 502; Fr. *salle*, hall.  
 Sangȝte, p. 76, l. 592, A.S. *sah*, reconciled.  
 Sauȝten, p. 108, l. 38, reconcile; A.S. *schtian*. Note the change to *soften* in the later text, p. 109.  
 Schende, p. 11, l. 118, shame, disgrace, ruin; A.S. *second*, shame, disgrace.  
 Schendip, p. 53, l. 374, A.S. *scendan*, to confound, shame, reproach, revile.  
 Schille, p. 65, l. 232; schylle and sharpe, *acutus*, *sonorus*.  
 Schowr, p. 44, l. 96, A.S. *scûr*, battle, fight.  
 Sconfitith, p. 46, l. 154, discomfits.  
 Seryue, p. 58, l. 2, describe.  
 Secke, p. 76, l. 589, sack, bag.  
 See, p. 13, l. 54, seat.  
 Seelde, p. 41, l. 6, seldom.  
 Seete, p. 37, l. 89, set.  
 Sege, p. 2, l. 35, seat; Fr. *siège*.  
 Seruile, p. 104, l. 15, of service, of business.  
 Sijke, p. 78, l. 634, sickness; Du. *ziek*, sick.  
 Sikir, p. 33, l. 50, certain, sure.  
 Skile, p. 9, l. 33, reason; O.N. *skil*.  
 Slake, p. 11, l. 112, become slack, cease.  
 Slidir, p. 49, l. 269, slydyr (or swyȝyr as a wey). *Lubricus*, P. Parv.  
 Smerte, p. 93, l. 67, smart, pain, prick.  
 Soote, p. 29, l. 248, sweet one.  
 Spaynel, p. 91, l. 4, spaniel; Fr. *espagneul*, a Spaniell. Cot.  
 Spousebriche, p. 47, l. 188, adultery.  
 Spurne, p. 43, l. 76, A.S. *spurnan*, to strike with the heel; p. 91, l. 11, spurned.  
 Spute, p. 46, l. 164, dispute.  
 Stabilte, p. 26, l. 144, fixedness, firmness.  
 Stie, p. 90, l. 48, ascend.  
 Stiȝ, p. 55, l. 460, ascended; A.S. *stigan*, to ascend, rise.  
 Stintith, p. 116, l. 62, stoppeth.  
 Sue, p. 20, l. 68, follow.  
 Suffraunce, p. 33, l. 50, Fr. *souffrance*, sufferance, forbearance, patience, abiding.  
 Sunge, p. 110, l. 73, sin; A.S. *syngian*.  
 Superflue, p. 89, l. 30, superfluous.  
 Swarte, p. 119, l. 33, dark, black (swarthy).  
 Swing, p. 28, l. 203, A.S. *swingan*, to whip, scourge.  
 Swiȝe, p. 69, l. 348, quickly.  
 Swyde, p. 122, l. 140, quickly.  
 Swynk, p. 89, l. 32, A.S. *swinc*, labour, *geswinc*, affliction, torment.  
 Temynge, p. 4, l. 20, childbirth; A.S. *teām*, offspring; *teāman*, *tēman*, to propagate, beget.  
 Tende, p. 69, l. 369; tenden, p. 41, l. 6, attend.  
 Tene, p. 24, l. 71, A.S. *teōna*, injury, wrong.  
 Þat' þat', p. 51, l. 310, that which.  
 Pee, p. 63, l. 176, thrive.  
 Þertille, p. 9, l. 37, thereto, in addition.  
 Þirle, p. 26, l. 147, pierce; A.S. *þirlian*.  
 Þole, p. 23, l. 27, A.S. *þolian*, suffer.  
 Þrong, p. 13, l. 27, driven, forced; A.S. *þringan*, to press, crowd.  
 Þrouȝ, p. 13, l. 32, A.S. *þruh*, a chest, coffin, sepulchre, grave.  
 Tille, p. 27, l. 168, to.  
 Toberste, p. 30, l. 251, burst all to pieces.  
 Tobreke, p. 29, l. 247, break to pieces.  
 Torent, p. 20, l. 82, rent to pieces.  
 Towe, p. 120, l. 29, tough, harsh; A.S. *tōh*.  
 Towyth, p. 121, l. 108, thought.  
 Thwertyd, p. 126, l. 15, retorted; A.S. *hwecorfan*, to turn.  
 Twynne, p. 23, l. 37, separate.  
 Tyne, p. 25, l. 103, A.S. *tynan*, to hedge in, enclose, shut close.  
 Uertu, p. 67, l. 300, power, strength.  
 Vertu, p. 72, l. 455, power, strength.  
 Vncele, p. 106, l. 21, unhappiness.



- Vndirfonge, p. 69, l. 367, receive, take; A.S. *underfangan*, undertake, receive.
- Vndirnome, p. 50, l. 289, ?tookest up or under, objectedst to; A.S. *underniman*, to undertake, comprehend.
- Vndren, p. 84, l. 25, A.S. *undern*, the third hour, 9 a.m., extending also to noon.
- Vngo, p. 121, l. 118, ?*vn* for *um*, round; A.S. *ymbgan*, go round.
- Vnleueful, p. 110, l. 74, unlawful.
- Vnnepe, p. 70, l. 373, A.S. *unðelice*, uneasily, with difficulty, scarcely, hardly.
- Vnourne, p. 71, l. 404, A.S. *vnórnlíc*, old, worn.
- Vnsauzte, p. 108, l. 37, unfriendly; A.S. *seht*, friendship, peace; *unseht*, want of friendship, enmity. Note the *unsoft* of the later text, p. 109.
- Vnschent, p. 106, l. 6, unpunished.
- Vnskilfully, p. 112, l. 90, unreasonably; see skill.
- Vnsperid, p. 41, l. 15, set free, unlocked; 'speryn, or schettyn, *claudo*; speryn and schette wytthe lokkys. Sero, obsero.' Pr. Parv.
- Waitist', p. 50, l. 288, plannest.
- Wake, p. 32, l. 8; p. 99, l. 141, watch; A.S. *wæcan*.
- Wan, p. 13, l. 41, wonnst, wentest.
- Waterless, p. 20, l. 53, without water.
- Wedde, p. 10, l. 60, pledge; A.S. *wed*.
- Wede, p. 12, l. 18, garment; A.S. *wed*.
- Welkid, p. 24, l. 68, faded, turned white; A.S. *wealcere*, a fuller, a whitener of cloths.
- Wem, p. 83, l. 13, spot, A.S. *wem*.
- Wente, p. 9, l. 51, gone.
- Were, p. 106, 107, l. 2, danger; A.S. *wér*, a fine for slaying a man; p. 116, l. 87, doubt?
- Weuere, p. 77, l. 603, weaver, contriver, schemer.
- White, p. 72, l. 450, quick, active; same as
- Wizte, p. 63, l. 150; Sw. *wig*, active; 'wyte, or delyvyr, or swyfte, Agilis, velox.' Pr. Parv.
- Wiztli, p. 13, l. 41, swiftly, or powerfully.
- Wijs, p. 98, l. 94, teach.
- Wis, p. 11, l. 115; Wisse, p. 14, l. 68; A.S. *wissian*, to instruct, guide, govern.
- Wite, p. 34, l. 67; p. 99, l. 4, know; A.S. *witan*.
- Wiyte, p. 35, l. 8, 16, &c., blame, reproach, impute, ascribe to; A.S. *witan*, *witian*.
- Wone, p. 11, l. 120, dwell; A.S. *wunian*.
- Wonnynge, p. 28, l. 199, dwelling.
- Woost', p. 39, l. 35, knowest.
- Worschipide, p. 53, l. 401, honoured.
- Wreche, p. 16, l. 35, vengeance; A.S. *wrac*.
- zeere, p. 65, l. 244; p. 67, l. 286, ? A.S. *geare*, certainly.
- zeme, p. 52, l. 340; A.S. *giman*, govern, take care of.
- zernynge, p. 28, l. 197, yearning, desire.
- zore, p. 92, l. 35, formerly.
- Yflet, p. 92, l. 37, fled, gone.
- Yhit, p. 128, l. 3, yet.
- Yloore, p. 79, l. 5, lost; A.S. *loren*.
- Ymet', p. 81, l. 74, dreamt; A.S. *mætod*.
- Ynne, p. 69, l. 359, ? bring in, not let in; A.S. *innan*, to go in, enter.
- Ynow, p. 76, l. 567, enough.

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Songs and Ballads, Ashmole MS. 48.  
 The Siege of Rouen, from Harl. MSS. 2256, 753, Eger-  
 ton 1905, Bodl. 3562, B. Museo 124, &c.  
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 Horæ, Penitential Psalms, &c., Queen's, Oxf. 207.  
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 Scotch Heraldry Tracts, copy of Caxton's Book of  
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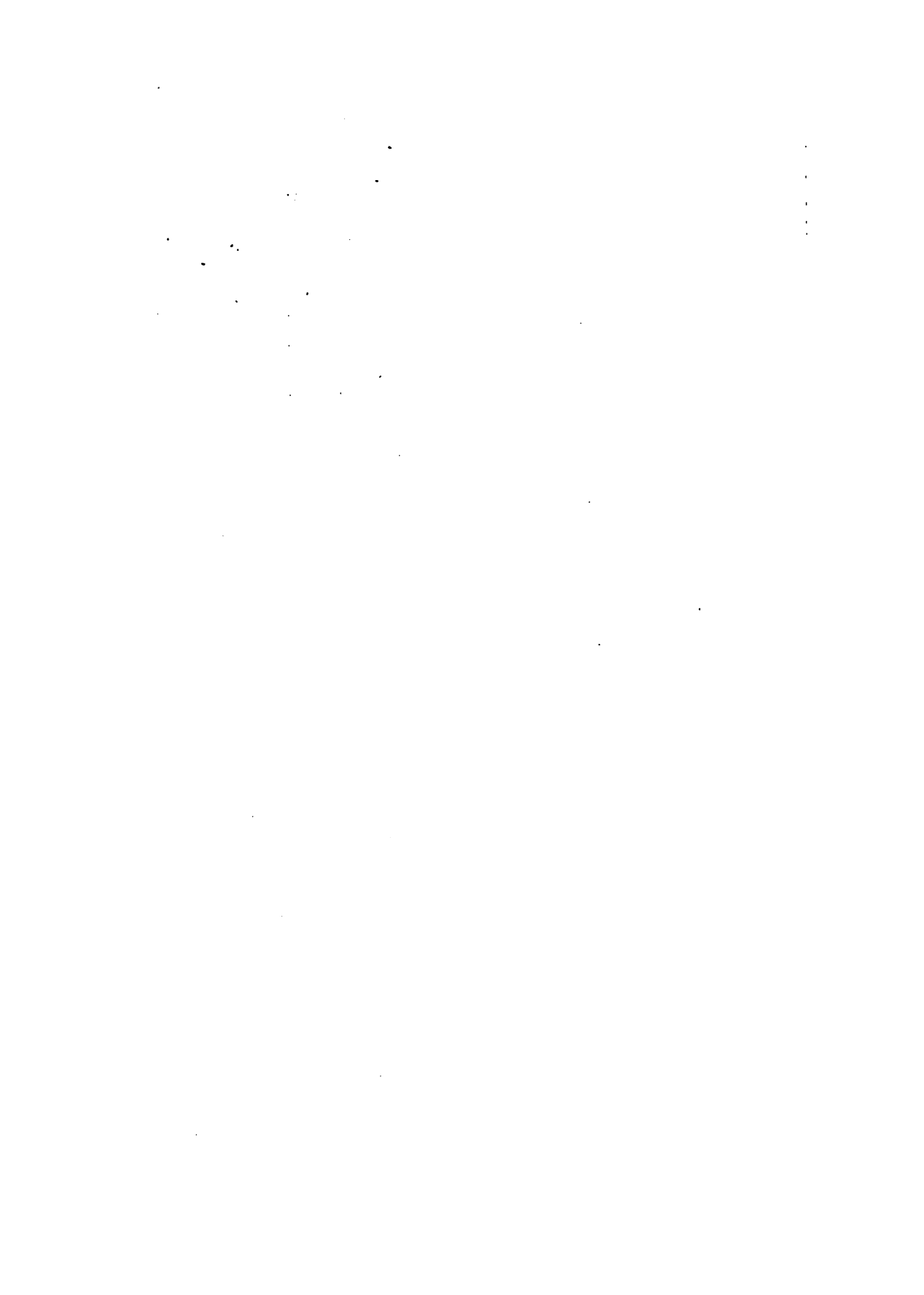
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